

The GRAPHIC



Twentieth Year—August 9, 1913

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

IN PASSING

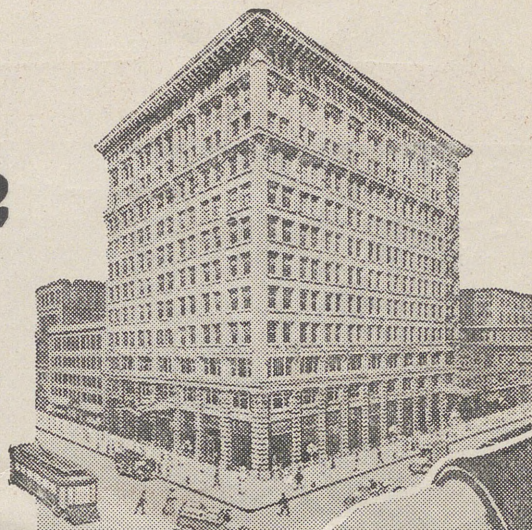
By GEORGINA A. PAGET

I was your stepping stone
From the old love to the new---
I, who loved you alone;
Was it I who changed, or you?
Now you stand on land with your own true lover,
Poor stone, my heart, let floods flow over!

I was a desert well;
Passing, you slaked your thirst;
Was the water brackish, tell?
Yet you found it sweet at first:
Now you lave and bathe in the bounteous river,
May sand-storms choke the well for ever.

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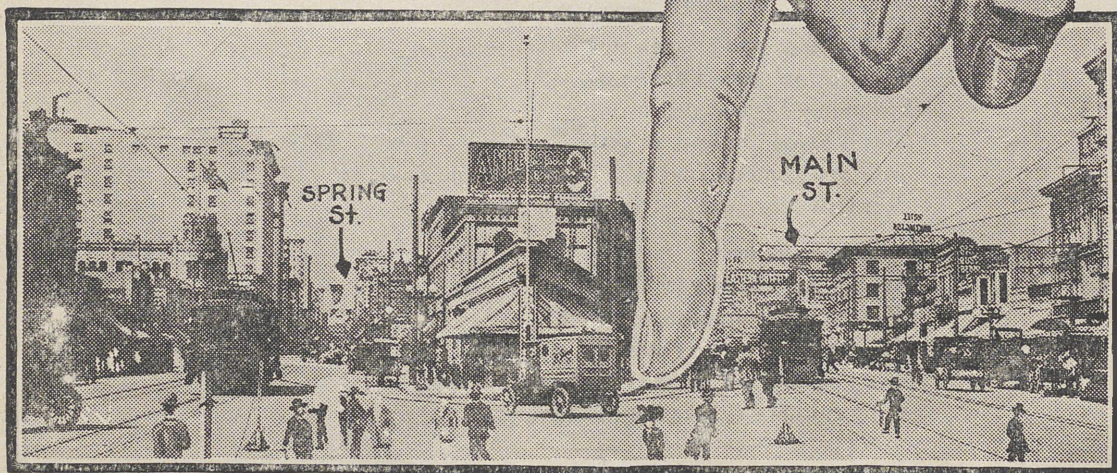
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THE GRAPHIC

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LOS ANGELES, AUGUST 9, 1913

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER

EDITOR



ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL

LEADING municipalities of California, to wit, San Francisco and Los Angeles, are having a parlous time in their efforts to market improvement bonds. The northern city having been unable to effect a sale through the regular channels is now trying to reduce the size of the bonds to such proportions that the small-savings accounts may be attracted. To this end the supervisors are considering the issuance of municipal bonds in denominations of ten dollars, twenty-five dollars and fifty dollars, to carry 5 per cent interest. As this rate is from one to two per cent higher than the savings banks allow and with the bonds immune from taxation the authorities are hopeful of turning several millions of bonds into cash, thus permitting the work on three municipal buildings, now at a standstill, to continue.

Oakland found similar inability to dispose of her municipal paper a few weeks ago, until the city council discovered that it had authority to declare a sliding scale rate of interest that guaranteed not less than 5 per cent and in an emergency might go as high as 5¾. With this raise from the despised 4½ per cent the issue was sold and work on the new city hall was renewed. Los Angeles is having similar trouble in the effort to dispose of her 4½ per cent harbor bonds. The harbor commission will try the popular subscription plan, issuing the bonds in \$100 denominations and upward. The city charter interdicts the issuance of municipal bonds of a smaller amount, but the commission is hopeful that the demand will be sufficient to market enough of the securities to permit the continuance of harbor improvements now under way. As in San Francisco and elsewhere, the bonds are not subject to taxation.

This manner of disposing of gilt-edge bonds, free of taxation, discloses the glutted condition of the security market. Truth is, the enormous output of bonds by municipalities in the last decade has swamped the country, the ordinary channels being unable to absorb the offerings. With upward of a billion dollars diverted to automobiles that formerly found remunerative investment in 4 per cent bonds the ready cash is harder to command and what is for hire demands an earning power of at least 5 per cent. With so many cities pressing their credit to the limit, and with simultaneous action, it is inevitable that the lower-priced securities will go begging. However, the surest discourager of excessive bond issues will appear in the form of greatly increased taxes. The time-elapse since the bond craze started is now sufficient for property-holders to begin to feel the rub and as the rate soars the demand for retrenchment will be insistent. Duplication of plants resulting in economic waste must cease, since the cost of hiring money will be too great to enable the municipalities

to compete with established private concerns at a profit. Besides, common sense is bound to reassert itself.

BODY BLOW FOR SHAKESPEARE

JUST when the country at large is preparing to study the works of William Shakespeare more assiduously than ever in recognition of the approaching 350th anniversary of the birth of the great poet and dramatist, the otherwise progressive city of Los Angeles, acting through its board of education, has interdicted the reading of "The Merchant of Venice" in the public schools. Why? Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Lest it give offense to the Jews!

What ridiculous affectation! Then, to be consistent, all other standard literature that in anywise deals with the fundamentals in humanity, but which happens to individualize unpleasant traits, must be expunged from the curriculum of our public schools for fear of arousing racial animosity. Shylock was a Jew in name only. His rapacity, his vengeful disposition, was intended to typify certain characteristics inherent in mankind, held by Christian no less than Jew, but for dramatic purposes visualized in Shylock. We are not informed as to whether this eliminating process was a delicate tribute to one of the members of the board of education, but if so it was a work of supererogation, since he is too big a man to be swayed by so fatuous a procedure.

Perhaps, the profound judgment that cast out Shakespeare's masterpiece is of the impression that by forbidding its presence in the Los Angeles public schools the student body will forego its reading entirely and that the example thus set will gradually spread until the "civilized" world shall have relegated the Merchant to the dustbin. Alack and alas, that it has remained for Los Angeles to place the ban on one of the greatest creations in English literature. A city whose youths are authorized by municipal ordinance to shake dice at all cigar stores in their preparatory course for higher gambling and whose usurers have been so notoriously grasping that ordinances have been framed to counteract their avariciousness now frowns upon the Merchant of Venice because a sordid Jew is the chief character therein.

Yet the modern usurers to whom admission to the Los Angeles city hall is denied invariably have been Christians, not Jews, thus substantiating the contention that the Shylock of Shakespeare was of universal type. Meanwhile, the glorious apostrophe by Portia to the quality of mercy must, perforce, pass into innocuous desuetude so far as the school studies are concerned and the children in consequence be deprived by that much of their inalienable rights. We want to believe that the school censors meant well, but, alas, they have only succeeded in making themselves ridiculous.

HOP PICKERS HAVE THEIR RIGHTS

THERE is an ugly aspect about the Yuba county hop pickers' riots that calls for minute investigation by the state authorities. Enough has been revealed by disinterested witnesses to show that a wretched disregard for the sanitary comfort of the hop pickers existed, the justice of whose complaints for redress appears to have been recognized by the employing ranchers in that they acceded to all demands save for the raise in wages. That an agent of the I. W. W. fomented the trouble which led to the killing of four persons, including the district attorney of Yuba county and a deputy sheriff, is probably true, but the indiscreet and even brutal conduct of the sheriff who was wounded in the fracas seems to have precipitated the shooting.

According to reputable testimony Sheriff Voss and

his deputies essayed to make arrests regardless of the inflamed attitude of mind of the belligerent hop pickers. Instead of using argument and pacificatory methods the peace officer attempted to ride roughshod over the crowd with disastrous results. Following the action of the constable who sought ineffectually to arrest the I. W. W. organizer, without a warrant, the sheriff and his posse appeared and interrupted a meeting by pulling the speaker from a stand, employing violent language in so doing. A hop picker retaliated by using a club on the sheriff, who tried to draw his revolver, but was knocked down and disarmed and wounded by his own pistol. Naturally, a general riot ensued in which bullets sped freely with a total of four men killed.

Of course, all is quiet now. The damage has been done and the presence of the militia patrolling the disaffected district assures tranquility. But what about the culpability of the ranch owners whose picaresque policy in ignoring the welfare of the workers led to the strike and to the subsequent rioting? What about the absence of drinking water in the fields, the scarcity of toilet accommodations, the single lavatory for both sexes? Wholly aside from the demand for better pay these are factors calculated to arouse the animosity of the hop pickers and for gross neglect of their comfort the ranch owners must be held strictly accountable. It is a costly lesson to other employers of similar itinerant labor but, perhaps, a much needed one. Let the state heed it well and enact laws compelling employers to observe the decencies, at least, in making arrangements for the congestion of labor which the hop picking or fruit gathering entails. Contrast the conduct of the Durst brothers with the reports from North Dakota where at Devil's Lake, with labor scarce, the farmers are vying with one another to furnish entertainment for the harvest hands. Human creatures these poor hop pickers are, not cattle.

TOSSING BOUQUETS AT HIS EGO

ALWAYS, there is the Pharisaical note in the Progressive's prayer of "God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are." Especially, are the political virtues regnant in him, to the utter exclusion of such in the other man. Repeatedly, this smug attitude of mind has been revealed since the third party came into existence, the righteousness of its members, in their own estimation, being in inverse ratio to the iniquities pervading all citizens not of the new faith. It is a sublime obsession. That there is any good in the membership of the old parties not for one moment is allowed; how can there be when all goodness is centered in the Progressives?

This was Governor Johnson's beatific message to his adoring following in banquet with him Tuesday in Los Angeles. Its sublimity of self complaisance is expressed in the criticism leveled at President Wilson's administration: "We have a foreign policy that is weak and vacillating. One word from Roosevelt is worth an army under Wilson." If to be loth to intervene in Mexico, to be desirous of accomplishing by mediation through diplomacy that which a Roosevelt might have gained at the cost of many lives and millions of dollars is to be weak then is Mr. Wilson to be so accounted, but only by Pharisees of the Johnson stripe. Our smug governor does not specify wherein the national administration has failed to measure up to expectations. The one great object desired by the people—tariff revision—is practically accomplished and but for the uncompromising attitude of Mr. Wilson its successful outcome were extremely doubtful. There is a difference of opinion in regard to currency legislation, but Representative Glass, in charge of the house bill, shows signs of

conceding to the banking interests of the country the features sought which, if embodied in the bill, will enhance the welfare of all.

McReynolds' blunders are a grief, but although he is hard to swallow he does not spell failure for the administration. "We wish it well," adds the governor, unctuously, after having damned it without good reason and without having had the grace to extol the President for his many virtues, his high ideals, his firm adherence to principles, his courage, his splendid Americanism. Alas, no, he is not a Progressive, hence these attributes cannot have lodgment in him.

Governor Johnson palavered grandiloquently upon liberty, equality and fraternity and what his party is doing to promote this great triune among all men, then proceeded to tell how he had applied it to the hard-working Japanese whose avidity for study, whose wonderful energies, patience and perseverance put to shame the masses of our own countrymen. The governor hints that, historically, he has an interesting tale to reveal in regard to the alien land law legislation. He might tell us, if he would, at whose behest the bills were introduced—certainly, not because of any widespread public demand—and why he was so perniciously active in ordering his supporters to jam the measure through. His underground connection with the notorious Tveitnec and the Asiatic Exclusion League bigots would be disclosed were the true history of the liberty-equality-fraternity spirit toward the Japanese related.

In criticizing Secretary Bryan the governor showed commendable discretion in refraining from alluding to his lecture side-shows. When our state executive told of the high messages he was carrying to the people last year he omitted to say that in doing so he absented himself from the office to which he was elected for three successive months, neglecting to do those duties for which when he returned he drew \$2500, or one-fourth his official salary for the year. When he talks about the great sacrifices he and others made for the cause we cannot forget that his traveling expenses were paid by the national committee and his unearned salary by the state of California.

One of the chief supporting newspapers, which he quoted in his banquet address, is published in San Francisco. It is setting forth daily the vilest installments of pornographic "literature" this country has ever witnessed in public print. Yet no word of rebuke is heard from the conservator of all the virtues; only an implied commendation of the shameless journal. Think, what a tirade of invective would pour from his shocked lips were the Bulletin an anti-administration paper! Finally, we read of the governor's essay in poetry and how he thrilled his hearers by reciting his sentimental production whose literary qualities may be guessed by a glance at these two lines:

The end will enlighten the hearts that are brave,
All the years and the fears that the cause might be saved.

No wonder that when he had finished reading it all eyes were dim and "they looked at me as men in a good fight, a good cause." Perhaps, they were wondering what in tarnation Johnson meant by saying 'the end will enlighten . . . the fears that the cause might be saved.'

WHEN McCORMICK WOKE UP

WE TRUST that his brother Progressives, now jubilating in Los Angeles, will hasten to telegraph condolences to Hon. Medill McCormick of Chicago, who drifted away from the Pullman coach of a New York Central train at Syracuse, clad only in his pajamas and in this attire was escorted to police headquarters. According to the Pullman porter the Chicagoan walked off in his sleep. His own explanation is that having dined with the president of the Pullman Company the night previous, afterward retiring to his berth, he remembered nothing more until he awoke in the police station.

We hesitate to believe that the Chicago Progressive, who was one of the Colonel's generals in the Army of the Armageddon, was in friendly dalliance with the head of one of the most rapacious of our

public corporations. Perish the thought, too, that Hon. Medill McCormick was "doped" to his fall by the insidious and malevolent practices of the quasi-public utility chief for the purpose of making his guest ridiculous in the eyes of the public. Surely, no such ingenious subtlety was responsible for the McCormick pajamic exhibit.

Until the victim issues an authorized monograph on the subject it is, of course, unfair to indulge in speculative comment reflecting in anywise on this sad occurrence. The awful thought occurs that, perhaps, Medill McCormick was only walking in his sleep when he criss-crossed the country last year in the interests of his political chief. How fortunate that he was not then subjected to the rude awakening now thrust upon him. Think what a shock it would have been to his associates—our beloved governor, for example.

ARE WE A NATION OF PRUDES?

DESPITE the evidences occasionally noted in the larger cities of an emergence from conventional slavery jarring reminders to the contrary are so abundant that hope for race betterment, so long cherished by the eugenisists, gets crushing setbacks continually. Just as we had reason to believe that Mrs. Ella Flagg Young's plan for a lecture course on sex hygiene, which received indorsement of the Chicago board of education, was a settled fact the thousands of protests that reached the school trustees, by mail and telephone so staggered the board that the proposed course has been abandoned. A majority of Chicago citizens, seemingly, think that such topics "might better be taught at home."

So they might, so they might. But, alas, they are not and never will be because the average American parents invariably dodge all responsibilities of this nature. Possibly five per cent of family heads will conscientiously and intelligently perform this duty; another five per cent is willing, but is not fully informed; the other ninety per cent is not only ignorant, but apathetic. So the thing goes by default. Even if ninety per cent of the parents were both able and willing to teach their children that which they have a right to know, it would not hurt to have it further reiterated by trained minds, thereby impressing the youngsters to a far greater extent than home teaching could possibly do. As a writer in Collier's has recently argued: "All the time that this controversy is going back and forth the clinching argument for teaching sex hygiene is being cried in agonies; sons and daughters by the score are constantly being heaped in sacrifice upon the altar of prudery. The sob of a mother whose baby must go through life blind because of some one's ignorance is an argument for sex education that defies the glibest debater."

Are we getting to be a nation of hopeless prudes? In the same city of Chicago—an average American center—a woman doctor attired in bloomers took a swim in Lake Michigan. When she returned to the beach a police officer arrested her because, forsooth, she was not wearing the clumsy conventional skirt prescribed by the ridiculous authorities, unless, satirically remarks the Chicago Post, "modesty is to shrink shrieking and the world of prudes be set by the ears." Newspaper photographs taken of Dr. Ladova in the costume which shocked the censors show a sensible and entirely proper bathing garb. The doctor, after her arrest, said that her swimming suit was more modest than that of any man on the beach, and the Post avers she told the truth. It was Chicago prudery that balked at the spectacle of "September Morn," that idyllic picture recently displayed in our local art store windows, it will be recalled.

Just now the country is engaged in settling the question of accepting or rejecting the slit skirt. It is, in reality, a natural protest to the hobble skirt, whose hideous trammeling of woman's lower limbs to the peril of her entire body has been unmathematized by both sexes. Supposing the slit skirt does reveal a glimpse of shapely hosiery, what of it? Is that immodest? In the theater, on the stage, one may gaze upon a far greater expanse of covered anatomy

with perfect propriety and as for the beach resorts, what is not permitted there? But the street view is different. It is not the exposure itself that shocks, but the conventions that are disregarded—there's the offense. What a lot of humbugs we are!

COUNTY TAXES HIGH ENOUGH

FROM an "indignant farmer" of Lancaster we are in receipt of a sarcastic communication which asks, "Why, if the monolith cement plant is such a good proposition, does the city of Los Angeles want to sell it to the county at half price?" We give it up. It is a query we have heretofore hazarded, reply to which is not forthcoming. We might supplement the Lancaster farmer's question with another, to wit, "Why, if Councilmen Whiffen, Reed, et al., are so strong for municipal ownership along other lines, don't they operate a cement plant in the same manner?"

Perhaps, the board of supervisors, now coquetting with the tainted monolith cement plant, will inform the farmers and orange growers of Artesia, Westphalia, Ramona Heights and Lancaster why they should be taxed to purchase a useless plant in order that the city of Los Angeles may get money enough to invest in another equally unwise direction. There might be excuse for such an acquisition if it were capable of turning out a first class product and the county could utilize the plant to advantage the year round. But, as we have previously pointed out, it is a white cement elephant, whose usefulness, even if its output were beyond suspicion, is concentrated in one week in the fifty-two. This is to say, one week's full capacity run would yield all the cement the county could use to advantage in a year—always providing the product were of a good quality.

County taxes are heavy enough without imposing this additional burden on the farming community. We say nothing of the urban dwellers because they are so used to high taxation that they will probably bear a little more with the same bovine air of resignation heretofore revealed. As a rule they vote themselves into debt without counting the cost, spurred thereto by newspapers whose owners for various reasons are bent on attaining selfish ends at the people's expense. We urge the interurban dwellers of Los Angeles county to be wiser than their city neighbors and enter protest in good season, before the supervisors saddle this useless plant of doubtful reputation on the county.

"SENIORITY" RULE AND DEFERRED STRIKE

ARBITRATION of differences now existing between the Southern Pacific railroad and members of the Order of Railroad Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, employed on the company's electric lines, is foreshadowed by the railroad's appeal to the national board of mediation and conciliation at Washington, empowered under the amended Newlands act to adjudicate in such cases. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished since adverse action would mean the cessation of work of 8000 trainmen. Notification that Commissioner Chambers of the national mediation board will be in San Francisco early next week has averted the proposed strike temporarily and predictions are made that an amicable settlement of the controversy will be reached.

Broadly speaking, the question at issue is as to whether the employes of the electric lines shall work under the same regulations applying to the steam road. The men believe they should; the railroad has excellent reason for thinking otherwise. This, in brief, is the crux of the controversy to come before the conciliation commissioner for settlement. One grievance of the trainmen is that in transferring them from the main road to the electricized laterals right of seniority of standing in the service is ignored to which is opposed the assertion by the company that service on suburban electric lines requires an experience that must be actually gained, while to transfer trainmen indiscriminately would imperil public safety. Moreover, as President Sproule points out, the electric lines are maintained as separate operating organizations and while, he says, "we regret and endeavor to avoid any crisis in relations with our em-

ployes we believe it is impossible to meet the demands made upon us with respect to these electric companies and at the same time operate them efficiently and safely in the public interest as a satisfactory public utility."

In invoking the mediation of the government through the Newlands act the company has shown a praiseworthy desire to consider both its employes and the public. A strike not only entails great suffering on innocent persons, but it vastly incommodes the public as well as disrupting the service. The national board of mediation first endeavors to settle the controversy without formal arbitration. If that does not avail, formal arbitration follows. President Sproule has submitted the complete correspondence between the company and the trainmen bearing on the matters in controversy and with the recent Stamford accident fresh in mind it is to be hoped that the arbitrary seniority rule will not be upheld by the commissioner. The public must be considered as well as the trainmen and to the former should ever be given right of precedence.

WELLS FARGO AND THE RAILROADS

COMING on top of the lower rates and increased efficiency of the parcel post, the cut of 15 per cent in the schedules of the Wells, Fargo Company, ordered by the state railroad commission, amounting to about \$750,000 a year, is a solar plexus blow. The commission has vouchsafed the cold comfort that if the new rates at the end of six months' trial are not justified the company may submit a statement of its earnings by way of proof. For two and a half years the investigation has been in progress and what the commission has found, evidently, is regarded as ample warrant for the reduced schedules.

It is noted, for example, that the company makes a net yearly profit of \$842,079 on a property valuation of \$613,233, or 136 per cent on its investment. In California its gross earnings for 1911 were \$4,508,436.18 of which it paid to railroads, \$1,937,019.73, leaving a balance of \$1,729,318.91. Deducting the value of the company's property used in California business leaves the net profits as stated; certainly a tidy showing for the stockholders. Of course, these figures are based on the business transacted prior to the operation of the parcel post service whose activities have materially cut into the profits of the express company. What will happen to them after the notable extension of the parcel post accommodations is effected, at a reduction of about seventy per cent in the carrying cost, may be readily imagined.

Parasitical the commission terms the express company, arguing that it acts as a leach on the railroads, which should find means to supplant such extraneous agency. This animadversion is in opposition to the findings of the interstate commerce commission which holds that the express companies are the proper bodies to handle the business. The characterization by the state railroad commission is derided by President Ripley of the Santa Fe who calls the expression of parasite absurd. Considering that the Santa Fe collects 55 per cent of the gross earnings from the company we fail to see that the term is wholly justified. It is true that the railroad has admitted it should receive a still larger percentage, but with a contract in force having four or five years yet to run the present schedule will probably have to remain in effect.

It is pointed out by the state railroad commission that while the Santa Fe receives 55 per cent of the express company's gross receipts the Southern Pacific has a much less favorable contract, which yields only 40.8 per cent of the gross receipts. The intimation is that the better paid road has no intercorporate relationship such as existed with the Southern Pacific when the contract was drawn, which accounts for the difference. The railroad's loss is at the expense of the public, is the declaration, the percentage thus diverted going into the pockets of the shareholders, among whom are Southern Pacific officials and stockholders. In justice to the present officials of the road it is admitted they were not in control when the contract was drawn. Rather tartly, the commission observes that if these diversions were

deflected to their proper channels the road not only would find partial relief from present financial burdens, but the rate paying public would view with more approval the applications of the road for increases in rates. It would seem to be a pertinent suggestion which, doubtless, the Southern Pacific officials will be glad to act upon when the present contract with which they are saddled expires. At least, the publicity thus given, if the conclusions are well founded, leaves no excuse for renewing an agreement with the express company at the old rates, despite the cut.

ACQUITS HIMSELF WITH CREDIT

CONGRATULATIONS are due former Senator R. F. Del Valle for the excellent account he has given of himself in fulfilling the delicate mission intrusted to him by the state department to report on conditions in Mexico as they actually exist, not as partisans are inclined to depict them. He studiously refrained from getting himself interviewed when in the performance of his duty and bore himself with admirable aplomb at all times, even when, we suspect, the attitude of Ambassador Wilson was not altogether friendly. The latter, in Washington, undertook to read the state department a lecture for intrusting the secret code to "spotters," meaning, of course, Senator Del Valle, but even that implied reflection does not disturb the poise of the Los Angeleno.

Interviewed on his return home he refrains from commenting adversely on the ambassador's slurring remark, wisely contenting himself with the statement that if he used the code it was with the sanction of the state department. As to the innuendo he replies with dignity that he did not either by letter, cable or in any other manner communicate with the state department about any individual. He adds:

I would not have accepted any commission to investigate an individual. I was finding out conditions down there. I met Mr. Wilson when I reached Mexico City. I was so engrossed in my work for the next ten days that I had no time for social or other engagements. We returned on the same ship and our relations were pleasant. After leaving the ship at New York—and I was the first passenger off—I hurried to Washington. That tells the story of my trip.

They who know Senator Del Valle intimately need no further assurance from that gentleman of his abstention from conduct so foreign to a man of his character. He has met the people at close range and talked with upward of 1500 representative citizens, discussing the social, political and business affairs of the country, the gist of which the special envoy has embodied in a report to the secretary of state for the enlightenment of the department. In all respects he seems to have met the demands upon intelligence and good sense in a manner highly gratifying to his friends and doubtless satisfactory to Secretary Bryan. What Mr. Del Valle says of business conditions in Mexico denotes the urgent necessity for a permanent cessation of hostilities. He reports that the total of losses in property has been staggering, railroad traffic has been almost completely suspended, mines have been closed, industries shut down and agricultural development decreased to a fraction of normal. The big problem down there, as he sees it, is humanitarian and sociological. There are 15,000,000 of people who should be prosperous, enlightened and happy. They should have schools, thriving cities, social conditions that would tend to their highest development. Instead, their wants are neglected and, woefully as they need help, it is not surprising to learn that whatever influence the United States may exert they feel cannot fail to be for their good.

Whether or not Senator Del Valle is named to succeed Ambassador Wilson, whose resignation Secretary Bryan has accepted, the manner in which the Los Angeleno performed his mission gives assurance that no mistake would be made if such a conclusion were reached. That Mr. Wilson could not possibly be returned to Mexico City our analysis of his attitude toward the administration's policy, made a week ago, fully revealed. He is intensely pro-Huerta, has been actively partisan and in no sense has conformed to the demands of the state department for neutrality in politics. Mr. Wilson has acted right along as a

lawyer specially retained to advance the interests of his client would be expected to deport himself in regard to Huerta. He can see no good in the Constitutionalists, whom he classes as bandits and looters and rapists, while the tragic deaths of the Maderos and of Suarez are incidents he passes over as lightly as possible and with no sort of reflection on his client—that is to say, Huerta. Acceptance of his resignation was too long delayed.

PREMATURE FLING AT ENVOY LIND

BIGGITY talk is that emanating from Mexico City, attributed to the de facto president, Huerta. His minister of foreign affairs, acting, of course, under instructions, has issued a statement to the effect that Special Envoy Lind will be persona non grata unless he brings proper credentials, duly presented through the United States embassy. Of course, former Governor Lind has no such program outlined. He has no official status, but enters Mexico as the personal representative of President Wilson, acting in an advisory capacity to the United States embassy. That course entails no breach of diplomatic conventions. He is not obliged to come in direct contact with Huerta; what he may have to offer can be transmitted through the secretary of the legation.

However, it is altogether premature for the Mexican minister of foreign affairs to issue a manifesto to the effect that unless Mr. Lind presents credentials in due form his presence in Mexico will be undesirable. Until Mr. Lind has had opportunity to reveal his true mission, the Huerta government should have remained noncommittal as to its attitude. To betray virulence in advance of the envoy's advent is to prejudice its case. So far, nothing official respecting Mr. Lind's mission has been communicated to the foreign office and until Secretary O'Shaughnessy of the United States legation outlines the objects of the envoy's visit the Huerta government is not supposed to know aught of the arrangements.

But this expression of feeling in regard to Mr. Lind reveals the delicacy of his mission and the remote chances for its successful fruition. Evidently, Victoriano Huerta is determined to force recognition if bluffing can effect it, but such efforts on his part betray how little he knows of the Wilson character. The more recalcitrant he becomes the greater the certainty of his ultimate downfall. Whether or not Mr. Lind will go into northern Mexico for the purpose of conferring with Gen. Carranza and other Constitutional leaders remains in doubt. Great hope is placed by Washington on the temper of the people—the non-combatants, merchants and capitalists—in regard to mediation. Private advices indicate their desire for peaceful intervention and if this sentiment is strong enough it may be effective in helping to solve the Lind problem.

Despite the President's request to congress to the contrary spasmodic attacks on the administration policy continue, especially in the senate, the latest outburst coming from Senator Clark of Wyoming who rails at the Lind appointment and finds it wholly inadequate to meet the situation. He wants an immediate investigation of the conditions governing American citizens and American property in Mexico so that congress may be better able to judge as to remedies. As Senator Clark is a rabid partisan his sincerity is in question. He would like nothing better than to embarrass the administration. Meanwhile, Envoy Lind is nearing his goal, having sailed from Galveston for Mexico on the battleship New Hampshire. We shall presently see what we shall see.

With whimpering eye and mournful mien the poor Wells-Fargo folk are seen,
Limping and gasping on the green with no kind friends to intervene;
O, cruel state officials thus, to fire at them your blunderbus!
Think of the parcels postal muss! Now matters just get wuss and wuss.

What a pity that we ever let Cipriano Castro get away from this country. He should have been detained as a runner-up in the Mexican fracas. By this time he might have been dictator of the republic.

Bjornson's Parallel to Ibsen's Dr. Stockmann—By Randolph Bartlett

PERSISTENT parallels in the works of two authors who both chose the dramatic form, and who were contemporaries and compatriots, are only to be expected. The wonder is not that they do exist; the wonder would be if they did not. Moreover, the drama is almost invariably the instrument of the advanced thinker, almost never that of the conservative or the reactionary. Thus when the tendencies of society, as perceived by their sincerest exponents, develop in certain directions, it is almost inevitable that the dramatists will be found giving voice to these ideas in plays so strikingly similar in motive as to lead to the superficial conclusion that one suggested the theme to the other. Thus there are so frequently misplaced the allegations of the Ibsen influence, the Strindberg, Bjornson, Maeterlinck, Tolstoy, and other tendencies, which usually are simply individual conceptions of the general trend of thought or evolution of form. Of course, the influence of any great dramatist, or other artist, has a widespread effect upon contemporaries and successors, but only insofar as these works are sincere expressions of the highest ideals in which they had their source.

There are few of the dramas of Bjornson or Ibsen which have not their counterparts in the writings of the other, and often Strindberg, who was racially a first cousin of both, is found dealing with the same ideas in his own way. The responsibility of the individual to himself first of all is maintained by all three. This being established, the next step, logically enough, is that this responsibility cannot rest here, but must have its immediate effect in the relations of the individual to society, no matter what society may think of him. Ibsen in this mood, produced "An Enemy of Society," in which Dr. Stockman, discovering a fraud being perpetrated by a community in which he holds a position of trust, cannot content himself simply by not continuing as a party to the fraud. That would satisfy his responsibility to himself, but it is not enough. He must make this responsibility militant, and so he flings himself, single-handed, against officials, friends and enemies, and institutes a campaign as heroic as that of Don Quixote and the windmills.

Three years earlier Bjornstjerne Bjornson gave the world "The New System" in which the determination of a reformer to overthrow an entrenched and seemingly impregnable wrong is likewise the motive. The inherent difference between the two plays lies in the fact that Bjornson's reformer achieved success almost immediately, while Ibsen leaves Dr. Stockman facing a conflict which is likely to last all his life and still fail of complete victory. With all his sincerity, Bjornson was essentially the romancer. He could not entertain the thought of inspiring men to high endeavor without the assurance of reward. To Ibsen it was sufficient reward that the man should know he was doing the thing that his consciousness of right demanded. Likewise, Bjornson never seems to analyze his problem down to its essentials, but includes a variety of conventional, though entirely natural circumstances surrounding it, so that the issue is more or less clouded. This has the effect of humanizing the proposition to a certain extent, but also restricts it by a certain localization or provincialism. Ibsen produced his conflicting interests free from all side issues, with the result that they have a universal application while his contemporary, in his dramas particularly, could not, in the nature of things, command more than a national and temporary hearing.

"The New System" deals with an attack upon an imaginary administration of a national railway system, evolved by its director general, Riis, who has become one of the biggest men in the country through utilizing the influence of a powerful family, the Ravns, into which he has married. It is a complex community of railway experts that Bjornson introduces; on one side are arrayed the Ravns and their adherents, who have established a powerful bureaucracy in the control of the national railways; on the other are Hans Kampe, a brilliant young engineer who has discovered that the system upon which the roads are operated is founded upon wrong principles, and his father, who has known the same thing for many years, but who has become a discouraged and broken man, and a slave of drink through his inability to make any headway against the Ravns with the director general, Riis, at their head.

Hans Kampe has prepared an attack upon the railway system in the form of a book, which is about to be published as the play opens. Frederick Ravn, brother-in-law of the director general, but not holding that worthy in high regard despite the relationship, argues against the carrying out of the plan for Hans' own sake. He insists that in a country so small it is a difficult matter to fight such an establishment as that which Hans is about to attack, for

the reason that everyone either has public employment or is seeking it, and it will be impossible for the reformer to obtain cooperation. Regardless of the fact that he may be right in all he says, he is not big enough to win against the odds he has to face. Hans is confident of the power of truth, and remains unshaken in his determination. Frederick Ravn hints that the best road to success lies through family connections, and as Riis has a pretty daughter, Karen, with whom Hans has always been close friends, says, "With such a pretty view before your eyes, you intend to attack her father?" Hans insists that it is not Riis but his system which is to be attacked, and that his campaign shall be free from personalities. Ravn declares it is impossible to dissociate the man and the system.

But Hans has a problem at home which he must solve before he can face the world with his big undertaking—the reformation of his father. In such a small community he realizes that for a man to be known as the son of a drunkard will discount anything he does, and for this reason, as well as for a deep affection he holds for his father, he persuades the older man to try to break away from his habit.

Light is thrown upon the character of Riis and his family in the second act. His son has committed an indiscretion with a young woman of humble circumstances, and she is to be sent to America, although the young man wants to marry her. His father has selected a wife for him in the family of a high government official however, thereby repeating his own early history, when he abandoned a girl to marry into the Ravn circle. Mrs. Riis mildly objects to the separation of Frederick and the girl, but as she is only a sentimental sort of person whose mind runs in a groove of vivid platitudes, she has not much influence. Into the midst of this family discussion Hans Kampe's book is hurled. He sends a bound copy to every member of the family of the director general and the battle is on. The essence of the book is that it takes calculations made by Riis himself, and stated in public, and uses them to disprove other claims he has made. The first move of Riis is to order an investigation of the accounts of the older Kampe, who is an employe of the railways, in order to create suspicion of wrongdoing and thus undermine the standing of the Kampe, furnish the public with a suggestion of an ulterior motive for the attack, and so drag a herring across the trail. The personal element in the struggle is intensified by a visit of Riis, son and later his daughter, to Hans. The petty recriminations which ensue bring the play a long way down from its higher movement. It sounds rather silly, in view of the fact that Hans has undertaken single-handed to encounter the powerful system, to hear these young folk fuss over the effect on their friendship being disrupted by the affair. It is something that might almost be taken for granted.

Nor is this weakness mitigated by the fact that in the next act Hans confesses to the girl Karen, that had she made her personal appeal to him in time, he would have abandoned his life work for her sake. It is all quite pretty and sentimental, but it lowers Hans' standard appreciably, although it wins for him Karen's love, which may have meant a great deal to him but is not of much interest to the audience. It unnecessarily obscures the great issue at stake, whether or not the truth can conquer against overwhelming odds. There is an interesting interlude, showing the general spirit of the community, in the form of a chattering group of women of the Ravn family at the home of Riis, where the annual dinner to the civil engineers is being given, and at which Hans and his father are guests. Echoes of the war on the system have reached the women, and a saturnine old person, known as Aunt Ole, sneers at the entire outfit of Ravns, although she herself is a member of the coterie.

Meanwhile, the major struggle is going on seriously. It soon appears that a certain Larssen, chief clerk under Riis, is the rock upon which the defenders of the system rely, and so long as he holds out, his integrity and ability being beyond question, the others are satisfied, in lieu of answering Hans, to take the ground that the book is the produce of "a plot which is directed by a drunkard and secretly nursed by family dissensions," the moral effect of the formal investigation of the elder Kampe's accounts being important in upholding this attitude. Hans, busy with his love affair, has neglected his father for a while, and the old man, worried over the trend of opinion, becomes intoxicated publicly, casts reflections upon the diet, members of which are present, and which will finally adjudicate between his son and the system, and in general undermines his own standing and that of his son. Hans finds him thus, and affectionately leads him away, the incident after all seemingly reflecting credit upon the reformer

in the eyes of those who are open-minded, for the chairman of the railway committee is heard to remark, "There's character in those two fellows!"

In the next act Riis' difficulties in his family, as well as in his official position, begin to close around him. He argues with his son because the youth insists that he wants to marry his poor little seamstress, but Karen sides against him, and even his wife wavers, according to which side of the discussion her ready platitudes fit most readily. Riis frankly states that he does not believe in unqualified truth as the course to be pursued upon all occasions, irrespective of conditions.

Riis and his children reach no conclusion. Meanwhile, the diet is discussing the attack on the system, and even the faithful Larssen is investigating the accuracy of the charges made by Hans. The chairman of the railway committee has come to trust the Kampe because of the incident at the dinner. Frederick Ravn, head of the clan and a member of the diet, is convinced that Hans is right, but is inclined to evade the issue by staying away when the vote is taken, and making no speech on either side. Karen runs away from home, and asks Hans to elope with her. Her brother comes, having lost faith in his father, and expresses a desire to resume the interrupted friendship. At the close of the act it is learned that the defection of all of the Riis adherents is signaled by the announcement that Frederick Ravn has decided to come out openly in the diet in support of Hans.

Then comes complete victory for Hans. Larssen the faithful, Larssen the bulwark, Larssen the impregnable, Larssen who has always stood for a principle backed by science and free from all human emotion, reveals the fact that it has been his unlimited faith in Riis and his genius as an engineer, that have been the actuating motives in his attitude. His investigations have aroused certain doubts in his mind, and he comes with Frederick Ravn for a frank discussion of them, and the interesting situation is revealed of two men being supported in a conscientious but erroneous course through mutual confidence in each other, each believing the other to be the creator of the system:

RIIS. You have always overestimated me, Larssen.

LARSEN. And nevertheless you have been generous enough—Well, I have—if you will permit me to say so—for I am immensely—I don't know how to express it—I have been carried beyond my usual—that is, I have entertained boundless confidence in you, Mr. Riis!

RIIS. And I in you, my dear Larssen.

LARSEN. Pardon me. I know better. No, indeed! I am not a strong soul. I have always needed a support. You in your tremendous superiority, cannot realize what that means.

RIIS. Don't say that, Larssen!

LARSEN. Yes, if I have ever admired anything in this world, it has been the lofty equanimity always preserved by you when my own soul was undermined by doubt.

RIIS. Your—?

LARSEN. What a thing to be able, as you have been, to concentrate the opposition within your own house, so to speak! This smiling self-assurance—yes, smiling, literally smiling! That's what it means to have faith, I have often said to myself.

RIIS. But tell me, Larssen—you believe, don't you?

LARSEN. I want to be frank, Mr. Riis.

RIIS. You always are, Larssen.

LARSEN. Yes,—that is, in so far as it lies in me to be so. For frequently I have not known where I stood—whether I believed or not.

RIIS. You, Larssen?

LARSEN. But in such moments I drew strength from watching you, Mr. Riis.

RIIS. You watched me? (Quite forgetting himself) That's something you should not have done, Larssen.

LARSEN. But heavens, why not, Mr. Riis?

RIIS. (Forgetting himself still further) No—because I put my faith in you, Larssen.

LARSEN. (Horror-stricken) In me?—You!

RAVN. This is becoming quite amusing.

RIIS. No—oh, no—this is the worst I ever—! (Running back and forth) Are you, then, nothing but an imposter?

LARSEN. Wha—wha—what's that you are saying?

RIIS. Well, what do you want to call it that you have made people, that you have made me, believe that you believed what you did not believe?

LARSEN. Didn't I believe? Of course I believed!

RIIS. The deuce you did! You only believed in me.

LARSEN. It means that one thing went with the other—as it usually does in this world.

RIIS. It means that one lie went with another!

Oh, how could I let myself be fooled in such a way?

LARSEN. Fooled? Yes, one of us has been fooled. That new system of yours—

RIIS. Mine? It isn't mine!

LARSEN. Whose can it be, if not yours?

RIIS. It was in practical use long before me.

RAVN. That's a fact.

LARSEN. And yet it was you who introduced it?

RIIS. I? Am I the government? Am I the Diet? Have I the power to introduce anything?

RAVN. Hear, hear!

LARSEN. But nevertheless—all the same—why, it was done by the Commissions, of which you—

RIIS. Do you think I appointed the Commissions? Or that they were made up of me alone?

LARSEN. Well—this is the end of it!

RAVN. That's the stuff! Bravo!

LARSEN. And yet—why, it was—the estimates were misleading.

RIIS. That's too bad! For the estimates were made by you, Larssen—by yourself and the rest of the office. Have you forgotten that this fact was mentioned in every report?

LARSEN. F-f-finally, it's me who—who is to blame for this whole thing?

RIIS. Well, I'll be hanged if I am!

LARSEN. And I who have relied so completely on you!

RIIS. Well, I never asked you to do anything of the kind.

LARSEN. And this language! This tone!

RIIS. Well, you may be sure that's "true"—there's no deceit in that! If this kind of thing is in fashion, I can be fashionable, too. Now, Larssen, you'd better go, or I might become "truthful" to the extent of throwing you out.

LARSEN. Good-bye, M—M—Mr. Riis! (Goes out.)

RAVN. I might as well take away the papers again—I don't suppose we'll have any use for them. (Puts the papers in order.)

RIIS. Oh, go to the devil with the whole outfit!

RAVN. Why, this is lovely! It's a real joy to strike the bottom of a man's character for once.

That is the end of it. Riis is softened by the realization of his own shortcomings. He becomes reconciled to the determination of his children to go their own way and make their own careers. At the end he is left alone with his wife, the only one who still retains faith in him, although it was she upon whom all his artificial success was built. Yet there is a touch of humility in his attitude toward her, and her platitudes now have a sting in them which she does not realize.

It is not a great play—scarcely even a powerful one. The commingling of the family and commercial relations, though outwardly related, prevents either from assuming the proportions of a great motive. Yet the study of the collapse of an artificial fabric before the bombardment of truth is always edifying, and in this, more than in either of the other two plays in the same volume of Bjorkman translations, "The Gauntlet" and "Beyond Our Power," does the literary hero of Norway arrive at a consistent treatment of his proposition.

(Plays by Bjornstjerne Bjornson, translated by Edwin Bjorkman; Charles Scribner's Sons.)

SHAW AND THE IRISH PLAYERS

IT is not near the Strand or Shaftesbury Avenue, but at the little shabby Court Theater, that we expect to find interesting drama happening in London, and last Monday afternoon was no exception. An American play, written by an Englishman and played by an Irish company would be interesting surely, but when the play is under the ban of the English censor and Bernard Shaw and W. P. Yeats are advertised to speak, Court Theater traditions are upheld.

We felt particularly complacent, as we took our seats, for we were not mere ticket holders at a usual benefit performance. We were "guests" of the committee for the Dublin Municipal Gallery of Modern Art. To be sure, we had contributed the price of ordinary theater tickets toward the course and had received as our invitations two pieces of paper, which in ordinary circumstances would have been called tickets, but still, it was in this way a "private" performance and the English censor had been evaded.

In listening to the play as played by this Irish company, it seems inconceivable that any censor, however narrow or British, could object to this sermon in melodrama, for these players feel the purpose and deep didactic meaning in "Blanco Posnet." They must or they could not give so convincing an interpretation. Though, if American atmosphere and type were the principal things to be wished, they failed miserably. But who cares whether Blanco's accent be Irish, English or American? He is not a national type but a Shavian moralist, and as such has a rightful place on any stage.

One disappointment was in store for us, however. After Mr. Yeats had made his plea for financial help from Ireland's moneyed classes (he felt they had not done their part in furthering the Irish art movement), he said that Mr. Shaw was unable to be present and read the following letter which Shaw had written to him:

The speech from me which has been promised

to the committee's guests this afternoon will not be delivered. I can only beg the audience to bear this bitter disappointment with fortitude, and not to blame me for it. It is not my fault; it is that of the English nation, which has just enthusiastically given a huge sum of money to buy the Crystal Palace for the sake of the Cup Finals to which it is consecrated in all English hearts, but absolutely refuses to endow a national theater. What a contrast with our own country! In Ireland we have a national theater, a national drama, and a national school of acting; and the only danger that threatens it is the success of its seasons at the Court Theater in London, where the English pick up the crumbs that fall from our Irish table instead of making bread for themselves. More astonishing still in England, our Irish actors devote themselves to securing for their country a great collection of pictures, showing themselves thereby artists and citizens and Irishmen and Irishwomen in the widest sense, and not mere professionals, as the English phrase goes. Can you conceive the actors of London buying a picture for the National Gallery? Can you imagine their indignation if they were called citizens, their bewilderment if they were called Englishmen and Englishwomen, cut off as they are by the ignorant Philistinism of our governing classes from all hope of any nobler public recognition than that of the box-office? You may ask me what has all this to do with my turning up today to make my speech. Well, it has a great deal to do with it. A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Shakespeare Memorial National Theater has been called for 3 o'clock this afternoon to settle business of no importance except to the few who have sense enough to understand its importance. They are so few, in fact, that if I stay away there may be no committee. But I am bound to be present in any case, as I have to make a proposal to add to the scheme of a national theater and memorial to Shakespeare a football ground and race-course. I believe that if this proposal be adopted, we shall get the half million we require quite easily. Until then England will have to get on as best she can with the help of an occasional visit from our Irish Players, with whom I am extremely proud to be associated this afternoon in a play which English actors and managers are not allowed to perform. If the band would here strike up Rule Britannia, it would form an appropriate end to this letter.

As we were leaving the theater, a taxi drove up and Mr. Shaw jumped out and ran into the foyer. He was immediately surrounded and all clamored for his speech, but he said it was too late and consoled us by saying the "best speech was the one never made." If we had wondered why England was so lenient under his caustic flings, we understood after seeing him in this informal way, for the charm of his rare personality is irresistible.

In Stratford they tell a good story about him. He had come down to see F. R. Benson's performance of his "Devil's Disciple." No one expected him, and he stole into a seat in the dress circle unannounced. An old lady next him was decidedly bored and remarked in a disgusted way, "Well, I don't think much of this play, but the old man next to me seems to be enjoying it." Is it not quite like Shaw to tell the story on himself?

WILLAMENE WILKES.

London, July 16, 1913.

Will Del Valle Be Ambassador?

There are rumors that former Senator R. F. Del Valle is to be offered the post of United States ambassador to Mexico in recognition of his signal services to the Wilson administration in revealing the actual facts in the troubled republic, independent of the stories from thoroughly frightened consuls and the much biased Henry Lane Wilson, without whom the Huerta-Diaz regime probably never would have come into being. It is significant that after Del Valle made his report, the president reiterated his policy of "hands off" until the atmosphere clears in Mexico sufficiently to show what the people down there really want. Apparently, the danger to American citizens is not so grave as has been indicated in certain quarters, and specific reports of injustice have been remedied speedily upon official representations being made. The point is, however, that Del Valle has shown his talent for real diplomacy in his faculty for not talking excepting to his employers, an example which it would have profited Ambassador Wilson to follow. Del Valle is a high caste descendant of the dons, and would command respect at the Mexican capital. It has been hinted that he may decline the appointment as it might subject him to the criticism that he purposely undermined Ambassador Wilson with this end in view. As one can scarcely be spoken of as undermining that which is already tottering, however, this objection hardly holds good, and it is to be hoped that this country will soon have at Mexico a representative who not only understands the people to whom he is accredited, but who is in sympathy with the administration at Washington.

We are getting ready for benevolent mediation in Mexico. Secretary Bryan has asked congress for \$100,000 to move Americans this side of the border. It is a rush order at that.

OLD FAVORITES: THE GRIDIRON

By Samuel Lover

A CERTAIN old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon festive occasions, when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by drawing out one of his servants, exceedingly fond of what he termed his "thravels," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and, perhaps more than all, long and faithful services had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "Throth you won't, sir," and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the "subject-matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former services—general good conduct—or the delinquent "wife and children," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing. On such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus: "By the by, Sir John" (addressing a distinguished guest), "Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me today reminds me of. You remember, Pat" (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself)—"you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed me was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "Ay, and farther, please your honor."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues mine host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoined the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth, then, they're not, sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account" (for Pat had thought fit to visit *North America*, for a "raison he had," in the autumn of the year ninety-eight).

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic"—a favorite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a-coming home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to howl, that you'd think the *Colleen Dhas* (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her."

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board, at last, and the pumps were choked (divil choke them for that same), and av coorse the wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors call it; and, faith, I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever. Accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits and a cask o' pork and a kag o' wather and a thrifle o' rum aboard, and any other little matters we could think iv in the mortal murry we wor in—and, faith, there was no time to be lost, for, my darlint, the *Colleen Dhas* went down like a lump o' lead afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her."

"Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canopy iv heaven and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic; not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth, they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together; and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkin. And then, soon enough, throth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits and the wather and the rum—throth, that was gone first of all—God help uz!—and oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face. 'O murther, murther, Captain darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could land anywhere,' says I."

"More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy," says he, "for sitch a good wish, and, throth, it's myself wishes the same."

"Och," says I, "that it may please you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island," says I, "inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Chrishtians as to refuse us a bit and a sup."

"Whisht, whisht, Paddy," says the captain, "don't be talking bad of any one," says he, "you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th' other world all of a suddint," says he.

"Throth for you, Captain darlint," says I—I called

him darlint, and made free with him, you see, bekase disthress makes us all equal—thru for you, Captain jewel—God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite—and, throth, that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and, by gor, the *weather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowl'd. Well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautifully out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as chrystal. But it was only the more cruel upon us, for we wor beginnin' to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land. By gor, I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minit, and 'Thunder an' turf, Captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

"What for?" says I.

"I think I see the land," says I.

"So he ups with his bring-em-near (that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir), and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

"Hurrah!" says he, 'we're all right now; pull away, my boys,' says he.

"Take care you're not mistaken," says I; 'maybe it's only a fog-bank, Captain darlint,' says I.

"Oh, no," says he; 'it's the land in airnest.'

"Oh, then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, Captain?" says I; 'maybe it id be in *Roosia*, or *Prussia*, or the Garmant Ocean,' says I.

"Tut, you fool," says he, for he had that consaited way wid him, thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—tut, you fool," says he, 'that's *France*,' says he.

"Tare an ouns," says I, 'do you tell me so? and how do you know it's *France* it is, Captain dear?' says I.

"Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now," says he.

"Throth, I was thinkin' so myself," says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heard av it in regard of that same; and, throth, the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and, with the help of God, never will.'

"Well, with that, my heart began to grow light; and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever; so says I, 'Captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.'

"Why, then," says he, 'thunder an' turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?'

"Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger," says I.

"And, sure, had luck to you," says he, 'you couldn't eat a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin' you were a *pelican o' the wildkerness*,' says he.

"Ate a gridiron!" says I. 'Och, in throth, I'm not such a *gommo*ch all out as that, anyhow. But, sure, if we had a gridiron we could dress a beefsteak,' says I.

"Arrah! but where's the beefsteak?" says he.

"Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork?" says I.

"By gor, I never thought o' that," says the captain. 'You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughin'.

"Oh, there's many a thrue word said in joke," says I.

"Thru for you, Paddy," says he.

"Well, then," says I, 'if you put me ashore there beyant' (for we were nearin' the land all the time), and, sure, I can ax them for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"Oh, by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the stir-about in airnest now," says he; 'you *gommo*ch,' says he, 'sure I told you before that's *France*—and, sure, they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

"Well," says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' them?'

"What do you mane?" says he.

"I mane," says I, 'what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' them.'

"Make me sinsible," says he.

"By dad, maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me, could do," says I; and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I would pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Garmant Ocean.

"Lave aff your humbuggin'," says he, 'I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all.'

"*Parly voo frongsay*?" says I.

"Oh, your humble sarvant," says he; 'why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

"Throth, you may say that," says I.

"Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy," says the captain, ieerin' like.

"You're not the first that said that," says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

"Oh, but I'm in airnest," says the captain; 'and do you you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake Frinch?'

"*Parly voo frongsay*?" says I.

"By gor, that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the devil. I never met the like o' you, Paddy," says he. 'Pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won't get a good bellyful before long.'

"So, with that, it was no sooner said nor done. They pulled away, and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek; and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white strand—an illegant place for ladies to bathe in the summer; and out I got; and it's stiff enough in the limbs I was, afther bein' cramped up in the boat, and

perished with the cold and hunger; but I contrived to scramble on, one way or t'other, tow'rd a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out iv it, quite temptin' like.

"By the powdherers o' war, I'm all right," says I; 'there's a house there.' And, sure enough, there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childer, ating their dinner round a table, quite convanient. And so I went up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to them, as I heard the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely, and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took aff my hat, and, making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stapt ating at wanst, and began to stare at me, and, faith, they almost looked me out of countenance; and I thought to myself, it was not good manners at all, more betoken from furriners which they call so mighty p'lite. But I never minded that, in regard o' wantin' the gridiron; and so says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard of ating,' says I, 'that I made bowld to trouble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be intirely obleged to ye.'

"So then they began to look at each other again; and myself seeing at once dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar coming to crave charity, with that says I, 'Oh, not at all,' says I, 'by no manes—we have plenty of mate ourselves there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, sir, with that, throth, they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and, faith, I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not *France* at all at all; and so says I, 'I beg pardon, sir,' says I to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver; 'maybe I'm under a mistake,' says I, 'but I thought I was in *France*, sir; aren't you furriners?' says I. '*Parly voo frongsay*?'

"We, munseer," says he.

"Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, 'if you plase?'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had seven heads; and, faith, myself began to feel flushed like and onaisy; and so says I, makin' a bow and scrape ag'in, 'I know it's a liberty I take, sir,' says I, 'but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away; and if you plase, sir,' says I, '*parly voo frongsay*?'

"We, munseer," says he, mighty sharp.

"Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?" says I, 'and you'll oblegge me.'

"Well, sir, the old chap began to munseer me; but the devil a bit of gridiron he'd gi' me; and so I began to think they wor all neygars, for all their fine moners; and, throth, my blood began to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you axed it, but something to put an it, too, and the drop o' dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*.'

"Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might understand, '*Parly—voo—frongsay*, munseer?'

"We, munseer," says he.

"Then lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, 'and bad scam to you.'

"Well, bad win to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about long tongs."

"Phoo!—the devil swape yourself and your tongs," says I; 'I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to reason?' says I. '*parly voo frongsay*?'

"We, munseer."

"Then lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, 'and how'd your prate.'

"Well, what would you think, but he shook his old noddle as much as to say he would'nt; and so says I, 'Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen! Throth, if you were in my country it's not that away they'd use you. The curse o' the crows an you, you ould sinner,' says I; 'the devil a longer I'll darken your door.'

"So he seen I was vexed; and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience troubled him; and says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more, you ould thief. Are you a Christian at all? Are you a furriner,' says I, 'that all the world calls so p'lite? Bad luck to you, do you understand your own language? *Parly voo frongsay*?'

"We, munseer," says he.

"Then, thunder an' turf," says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"Well, sir, the devil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me; and so, with that, 'The curse o' the hungry an you, you ould neygarily villain,' says I; 'the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my foot to you, that you may want a gridiron yourself yit,' says I. And with that I left them there, sir, and kem away, and, in throth, it's often sense that I thought that it was remarkable."

By the Way



Picked Up on the Bourse

Owing to the success attending the over-the-counter sale of the harbor bonds of the city of Los Angeles, a municipal corporation (limited and reduced), the general tone of the bond market is materially strengthened, and several new issues are in contemplation. Arrangements have been made to dispose of the new issue of Pacific Electric 4% preferred at a garden party to be given under the auspices of Mrs. R—d—ph M—n—r, Mrs. William D—nn and other society leaders. The bonds will be in the form of tastefully designed souvenirs, and will be sold at a slight premium to meet the marketing expenses. It has been proposed, but not definitely decided that spinster purchasers under forty acquiring \$2.85 or more of the bonds will be permitted to salute the handsome president of the company. There is now under consideration by the city fathers an ordinance requiring bond pedlars to take out a special license. At the present time, it is alleged that itinerant dealers make a practice of carrying a side line of fresh vegetables, patent carpet sweepers, ant eradicators, Webster's dictionaries, portraits of William Randolph Hearst and other staple articles of commerce, and the city is in consequence losing a good deal of revenue. The bond pedlars, who are bitterly opposing the new ordinance, state that it is impossible under existing conditions to dispose of municipal bonds unless a useful or attractive household commodity is offered as an additional inducement to the purchaser.

* * *

One novel feature is announced in connection with the proposed issue of aqueduct bonds. Readers will remember that this issue of \$5,000,000 was recently voted at a special election. The money is to be used for the purpose of stocking the aqueduct with frogs from the sale of which for culinary purposes the city expects to reap a handsome revenue. In place of the old fashioned paper bonds, booklets will be distributed in the form of a citrus fruit containing views of Owensmouth and bearing on the back the mottoes of the City of Los Angeles, "Floreat Eatona" and "Per Aspera ad Aquas."

* * *

The Jacklane Company announces that it is offering a classy assortment of municipal bonds at reduced prices, all hand stitched with lace and baby ribbon insertions. They are on view in the bargain basement.

* * *

It is definitely announced that the disposition of the new 3% power bonds of the city of Watts has been undertaken by the local chapter of the Sublime Daughters of Joy (colored). A chicken chase will be given, admission 50c, each successful captor of a chicken being entitled to one power bond.

Claims Just and Unjust

President Paul Shoup of the Pacific Electric Railway assures me that the \$200 claim story was not built on facts. I did not vouch for it, but it was given me by an attorney engaged in settling several cases for injured clients. While on the subject of claims, however, Paul related several interesting incidents. He said: "About a year ago a claim was filed against the road in the case of an automobile accident where the owner believed he had suffered injury through our negligence. He came to see me about the matter, and convinced of his absolute sincerity and inclination to be fair I appointed him claims adjuster for both sides. Then the gentleman left. He reviewed all the circumstances himself and after due consideration came to the conclusion that his own employees were at fault and advised me that he had, as claim adjuster, decided in favor of the railway company and there was nothing coming. I smiled appreciatively, whereupon Paul continued: "You may be interested in knowing that the Pacific Electric Railway Company, so far as damages are concerned, has settled three-fifths of all the claims resulting from the Vineyard accident. We have hope of settling nearly all of them without recourse to the courts. We believe we have been fairly dealt with by the claimants and have tried to deal fairly with them. Only one case of real fraud has come to light, where a little newshy, who was beating his way from Venice and who was hurt while riding his bicycle a month or two ago, was made use of by men who knew bet-

ter to present a claim to us for damages alleged to have been incurred in the Vineyard affair. An attorney presented the claim and a doctor treated the boy, though the surgeon might have been without knowledge as to the purpose. The 'newsie' finally told our representative the whole story. He is a little tad who ought of course to be in school, and no blame attaches to him. There is a further instance in connection with the recent accident that might interest you," added Paul, "and that is the settlement of a claim for one dollar, where the injured person and her family felt that the Pacific Electric had been given the worst of it in the question of responsibility and as evidence of their feeling in the matter, refused to accept any compensation for personal injuries. The wife and mother stated that if a comb which was lost was paid for, that would be a basis on which to square matters legally."

Bruce Bliven's Grim Sequel

I cry piggavi! for I have sinned in telling that shoat story on my friend Bruce Bliven. He solemnly protests that if he ever writes the sequel to the yarn Dr. Alden told me the other day, it will be a death-bed scene in which I play the conspicuous "out-with-the-ebb-tide" part. Here's why: That pig story, it seems, was written for an English composition class and was read aloud in that class by the professor without his giving the bashful (sic!) author any credit. The next month it appeared in the college "lit" under signature, and the writer was immediately accused by forty loving friends of plagiarising from the brilliant unknown who had written the composition read aloud in class! A little while ago Bruce picked that college composition out of the dust heap, typed it and sent it at a venture to Harper's magazine, whose perspicacious editor bought it forthwith but has not yet published it. When it appears, sighs Bruce with lugubrious note, he thinks he can foresee that every Southern Californian of any intelligence (which of course means all readers of The Graphic) will declare that he cribbed the idea of the story (which happens to be called "The Artistic Temperament") from the "By the Way" department of this paper. However, I agree to furnish him with a stock of affidavits to the contrary.

Word From Dr. Dowling

Writing from New York just prior to his sailing for Europe, Dr. Geo. Thomas Dowling, formerly pastor of Christ Church, tells me that he and Mrs. Dowling are heading for Antwerp, via the "Vaderland" of the Red Star Line. They will travel through Belgium and Germany, reaching Austria about the middle of September, remaining in Vienna until the cold weather drives them to the south of France for the winter. Dr. Dowling sends kindest regards to all his friends in Los Angeles.

Barr Back in Newspaper Work

I notice that Wesley M. Barr, former managing editor of the Morning Herald, is back in newspaper work, after about two years in the employ of the Tribune and Express. Wes doubtless will be a little rusty at first, but before his lapse he was a good news man, and is sure to "come back." Jack Campbell, who has been city editor of the Herald, is promoted to news editor, and Barr will occupy his seat—an exact reversal of the relative positions they occupied when the paper was owned by General Otis. In a less broad-minded fraternity than the newspaper field such a situation would be productive of much bitterness, but these events are so common in the journalistic circles that they cause only passing comment.

As to Henry Kolker's Fame

Gardner Bradford, the bright young man who writes the theatrical gossip for the Times, takes pleasant exception to my remarks concerning his unacquaintance with the work of Henry Kolker, saying that his library furnished him all the information, but he simply meant he never had seen this actor personally. I must infer from this that while Mr. Bradford possessed all the facts he didn't say what he meant, since this is what he wrote: "I thought that I knew almost everyone who ever amounted to anything in the East, but frankly, I can't seem to place Kolker, so I am doubly anxious to see his debut at the Morosco two weeks hence." Those words "can't seem to place" would appear to justify my comments. This may seem a trivial matter, and intrinsically it is, but now that it has been brought up by Mr. Bradford himself there is another remark I would like to make. This is, that unquestionably the falling off of interest in many of the Los Angeles theatrical productions is due in no small measure to the fact that the public, well versed in matters histrionic through the monthly magazines as well as personal experience, finds little to stimulate interest in the productions in the average persiflage of the stage printed in our local dailies. The Los Angeles theatrical world is not treated seriously, and with one exception the newspaper critics are not to be regarded

ed seriously. I am rather surprised that Oliver Morosco does not use his influence with the publishers to have his earnest efforts toward making Los Angeles an important theatrical center better supplemented.

Bucolic Justice and Automobiles

Covina's municipal tempest over the drastic enforcement of the automobile speed laws revives the continual problem of how we are to get the benefit of the excellent roads of Southern California, so long as this shortsighted policy is maintained by many of the smaller cities. If there were any discriminations employed by these bucolic guardians of the law, no one would complain, but it is not against the speed maniacs that these individuals direct their operations. The man with a fast car soon distances the officer, while the law-abiding citizen, who with a clear road in front, may be traveling at the eminently safe speed of twenty miles an hour, stops upon the signal, and is mulcted, when no person could possibly have been imperilled by his car. This is all the more serious because so many strangers to the ways of the small towns come out here with their machines. Great hope was expressed when the San Gabriel Valley Inter-City Commission announced more than a year ago, that it was going to synthesize the speed laws, if possible. Apparently it was not possible, for the pernicious condition is unabated.

Many Kin of "Pumpkin Eater"

From a casual perusal of the reports of the daily proceedings of the divorce courts, it would appear that many men are finding themselves in the predicament of Peter Peter, the noted discoverer of the food value of pumpkins, who, it will be remembered, "had a wife but couldn't keep her." It seems to grow increasingly difficult to devise a mode of life that can be relied upon to please the party of the second part. In the last week one wife has sought a separation because her husband has a habit of sitting and staring at her coldly, while concurrently a San Francisco woman complains that her husband made life miserable for her by his frequent and bear-like hugs. Thus does the merry war progress, to the bewilderment of those who are trying to find a scientific explanation of the increasing frequency of divorces.

Artist Host's Injunction

Rob Wagner is nothing if not original. So, when he announced a "swarry" at his studio on Figueroa street for Monday night with the injunction "Don't dress—much," it rather whetted the appetite for the party. But, alas, a spell of sickness that interdicted all philandering intervened at the eleventh hour, leaving my annals this week incomplete. As for Rob he has disappeared up Santa Barbara way and the story of that "swarry" remains unchronicled. I am anxious to learn how his guests obeyed their host's admonition.

David Hartford Goes to "Movies"

In the resignation of David M. Hartford, stage director for three years at the Burbank, from the Morosco forces, the loss of the energetic theatrical producer is the gain of the "movies." Hartford, as all his friends know, has been looking with something akin to longing, at the moving picture field for a considerable time, and it was no surprise that he had finally taken this step. It is quite likely that the final point which led to this action was the decision of Morosco to produce musical comedies extensively at the Burbank. Hartford is distinctly a director of dramatic work, so this left him, in a measure, out of his congenial element. I understand that he could have gone to the Morosco theater if he had so desired, but the opportunity for carrying out his inclination toward the "flicker drama" appealed to him more strongly. Jim Neill, director at the Morosco, also has signed a contract with a moving picture producing firm.

Way For the Hassayampans

Next Tuesday there will be great doings out at Venice when the annual gathering of the Hassayampans will take place. Just as a preliminary the Ancient and Accepted Order of Ananias has elected its officers for the ensuing year with Alonzo (the Brave) Bailey as president, Maurice Salzman, secretary, and Charles H. Wild, assistant secretary. There is to be a big dinner, a stunning array of speakers, with an Arizona cake dance, following the oratory. Special trains will be run from Phoenix, Prescott and way stations.

Finances in San Francisco

In view of recent financial developments in San Francisco, one is mildly surprised to learn that efforts will be made to discover and prosecute persons who have been placing counterfeit coins in circulation. It would seem, at this distance, as if almost any kind of money would be welcome in the northern metropolis. The municipal bonds could not be sold en bloc, so attempts were made to have the banks

take them in small allotments, but this was unsuccessful. Public subscriptions failed to solve the difficulty. At last reports the city authorities proposed to issue the bonds in \$10, \$25 and \$50 denominations, and have contractors take them in payment for work, later using them to pay their employees. This is nothing more nor less than an adoption of the scrip system which was brought into play in the 1907 panic. On top of this, the business situation is shown to be bad by the fact that the popular, if unsuccessful, Call is about to be absorbed by the Chronicle, its continual deficit having finally tired out its owner, John D. Spreckels. If, notwithstanding all these facts, W. R. Hearst still proposes to establish an evening paper in San Francisco, he must have a fund of confidence of almost unlimited dimensions.

GRAPHITES

Dear governor, we, your candidates, for bench preferment ask,
Not politics but fitness shall bid us to the task;
You'll find, if your survey is wide, that men by you unnoted
Are not to be ignored because for you they have not voted.

Rudolph Spreckels has "renigged" on his \$25,000 subscription to the fair after paying over \$7,500. He asserts that the conditions under which he subscribed have not been met. There are many others in San Francisco now looking for excuses of the kind, it is asserted.

Colonel Emilio Kosterlitzsky, former chief of Porfirio Diaz' rurales, is in enforced exile at San Diego where he is quoted as saying if the United States will keep hands off and let Mexico handle her own affairs, a speedy settlement is certain. The colonel's way of settling his little difficulties was invariably with a file facing a blank wall, plus the prisoner. He kept few prisoners.

Selection of a jury in the Diggs-Caminetti cases having been effected the two defendants will now face the penalty for their sins. As Kipling tells us in Tomlinson:

For the sins that ye do by two and two,
Ye must pay for one by one.

Only a mere matter of 5000 Chinese soldiers met death in the latest conflict between northern government troops and Canton rebels. That would be regarded as a fairly stiff engagement had it taken place in Mexico.

This is not the time for an exhibition of partisanship and Senator Bacon is justified in demanding that partisan politics be eliminated in handling the Mexican situation. Senators Clark, Fall and others should be suppressed in the interests of the nation.

Bulgaria and her recent allies having kissed and made up the foreign powers will now demand that Turkey respect the London treaty and at once evacuate Adrianople. Poor Turkey! Her cuteness is not to have the reward of merit.

If Felix Diaz does not hurry that trip to Japan may have to be indefinitely postponed. Huerta's successor may recall him or stop expense money.

Another litterateur is to be whisked off to furrin' parts when Brand Whitlock, Toledo's reform mayor, is named by President Wilson to a diplomatic post. There will still be a few of us left, however.

Dr. J. Frank Lyman, now in jail at Los Angeles on federal indictment to defraud, wants a speedy trial and has importuned the President to that end. He desires to know if the virtues of Pertinax appeal to the national executive or if he would emulate Commodus or Caracalla. Evidently, the federal prisoner has been putting in his enforced leisure to good purpose of late, hence these pertinacious queries.

In contesting the tax imposed upon American inheritance money sent to England, the former Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., is sustaining nobly the traditions of the family. Taxes were the one expenditure which seemed to grate upon Chicago's merchant prince and as the head of the "dodgers" his supremacy was never questioned.

Lost, stolen or strayed! An Austrian prince, recently married to a Los Angeles heiress, whose financial relations and otherwise with a former countrywoman now at the county seat are to be investigated. What an outrage on the head of the honored family who paid \$100,000 of the prince's debts to get a "nobleman" for a son-in-law!

Avalon is now an open port. We will at once place our steam yacht in commission. Mem. to steward: It is still a "dry" port.



By W. Francis Gates

It is announced that the Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Adolf Tandler and managed by F. H. Toye, will begin its season November 7 and 8. It is planned, if sufficient money is raised to meet the unavoidable deficit, to give ten concerts, Saturday evenings, with ten "rehearsals" the preceding Friday afternoons. The scale of prices for the concerts will be rather higher than for former seasons and for the rehearsals will be lower. Special rates are announced for gallery rehearsal tickets for students and children. Director Tandler announces that the players in the orchestra will be required to abstain from cafe and dance playing and to make up for this they will be paid salaries approximating \$120 a month for ten months in the year. Manager Toye is negotiating for artists to appear as soloists with the orchestra, and as L. E. Behymer controls the Southwest time of practically all the artists who are coming west this season, Toye is compelled to negotiate with his predecessor for talent.

Directors of the orchestra are offering "associate membership tickets" at \$25 and up, a year, making holders "eligible to election to the board of directors"—in three years, when the next election is held. While many persons will pay their \$25 and more to the symphony guarantee fund, it is hardly probable that the prospect of a possible election to the board of directors three years from now will appear very attractive—most persons have enough troubles of their own. At the same time, if those in Los Angeles who are possessed of sufficient income and whose education and art appreciation have not been neglected were to add their names to this guarantee list, there would be no trouble in raising the \$15,000 cash desired for this season. Los Angeles ranks higher than eastern cities of its size in intelligence and education. This is proved by taking a look at its small proportion of illiterates. Its slum districts are small. Its wealthy districts are large. Our well-to-do people would agree to go to this cause of good music what they would spend in one day of their own pleasure—what a picnic it would be to be manager of the Symphony Orchestra. Or, not to go so far, if all such would simply attend, or would send only one member from their families to each concert, then no guarantee would be required.

But to get down to hard nuts in the matter. The fact is that only one family in 400 of the well-to-do and rich population in and about Los Angeles sends a representative to the symphony orchestra concerts. That is not an off-hand statement. It is based on careful calculation. In this estimate, a hundred thousand families were eliminated, to cover the class whose noses are continually close to the grindstone and whose education—or lack of it—would not predispose them to good music. One family in 400, one person out of that family—think of it! But of that 400 family—think of it! But of that 400 sortment of canned rag-time. And there is the nub of the matter, lack of interest, lack of education along these lines.

In Mr. Toye's preliminary announcement recently he says, "We are attracting home builders from all parts of the country and many of them—perhaps the majority of them,—are from cities

that have advanced far along the lines of culture and refinement"—presumably, meaning cities that are "musical." In this, Mr. Toye makes a mistake. Numerically, there are many such persons, but, proportionally, the great majority come from small cities and towns. The retired merchant or farmer is in the majority of our Los Angeles emigrants. Only a very small proportion come from points where they could hear symphony concerts. There is enough population here from Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Iowa and Kansas to make a great city; and these states average about one symphony orchestra each. Most of these people are from the town and the farm. They are mighty fine people—but their acquaintance with a symphony orchestra is parallel with their knowledge of the diddleduc—for some of them have read of the latter in their school books, which said nothing of symphony orchestras.

Our music purveyors here have to fight two things—climate and ignorance. The outdoor life in Los Angeles is so alluring that it draws people from indoor enjoyments. They work or play—automobile—in the daytime and go, if anywhere, to the theater at night. And when I say "ignorance" I mean lack of information as to the doings of the leading musicians and of musical enterprises in the great centers. But a small proportion of our people read the musical journals, not nearly so large a percentage as in the East. If they read more about musical artists, they would know the standing of an artist when he first reaches Los Angeles; as it is, it takes repeated visits, in spite of energetic press agents, to make a name in California. If the local musical manager did not "feed" musical information to the daily press, these sheets would be almost musicless. But ample space is given to baseball and political scandal.

Among the principals who will be heard here in the coming season of the Chicago grand opera are Tita Buffo, Bonci, Muratore, Bassi, Mary Garden; and Caroline White. Among the novelties to be sung on this tour are Massenet's "Don Quixote" and "Manon," Puccini's "Girls of the Golden West," Giordani's "Fedora," Fevrier's "Monna Vanna," Leoncavallo's "Zingari," Gnechi's "Cassandra," Franchetti's "Cristoforo Colombo" and Kneitzel's "Le Ranz des Vaches," of which Los Angeles will get two or three. The revivals are "Gioconda," "Don Giovanni," "Linda di Chamonix," "Puritani," "Pelleas," "Melisandre," "Madame Butterfly" and "Parsifal."

Plans are under way for the Welsh colony in Los Angeles to compete in the International Eisteddfod to be held in San Francisco in 1915. Being one of the nearest large cities to San Francisco, Los Angeles should be able to send a body of singers which would do it credit, although, naturally, it will have to compete with Salt Lake City, in which there is an unusually large body of well trained Welsh singers among the Mormons. C. Haydn Jones, tenor, is mentioned as likely to take charge of the proposed chorus of Welshmen in this city.

Friends of Carl Faelton, celebrated pianist of Boston, are expecting him in Los Angeles this week. He has been visiting a daughter in Bellingham, Wash., and on his return journey will

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visit a former pupil, Mrs. J. H. Whiteley, in Los Angeles. He was formerly director of the New England Conservatory of Music and now is at the head of his own music school. He is one of the two or three most celebrated pianists of Boston.

At the Gamut Club dinner this week, several local artists are programmed—Mmes. Selby, Tiffany and Colby, Misses Paloma Schramm and Bessie Chapin, Mrs. Menasco, and Alfred Butler—a fine array of local stars.

Rudolf Ganz, recently heard in Los Angeles, is summering in a villa on Lake Geneva. He takes only eight pupils in his summer vacation, and this year two of the eight were former pupils of J. G. Anderson, of Los Angeles, of which recognition Mr. Anderson is reasonably proud.

L. E. Behymer, the concert purveyor of Southern California, has removed from the offices he has occupied for years in the Blanchard building to commodious quarters in the Auditorium building. He has a suite of five rooms on the seventh floor and will have, when he is fully settled in them, quarters excelled only by those of one musical manager in this country, and that one is a wealthy art connoisseur who has made more money on pictures than from music. One of Mr. Behymer's rooms, which he will use for his personal office, measures about 60 by 25 feet. It was arranged and decorated by its former occupant, an artistic architect, in imitation of the Wartburg chapel at Eisenach, of Luther and Wagner fame. It will contain piano, organ and Mr. Behymer's library. A second room is given to J. L. Allen, Mr. Behymer's right-hand man, and the others to publicity department, files of photographs, cuts, clippings and to stenographers. One room will be used for consultation and for a private office for visiting managers. Mr. Behymer's enlarged interests required expansion of quarters and in this location he can easier oversee the staging of his many attractions at the big Auditorium.

The Philharmonic course idea is being expanded by the Behymer management to reach the larger cities of the whole Pacific coast. Nearly every city of note in California will soon have one of these courses of artist concerts in connection with prominent clubs, or independent, if the clubs do not take up the idea. This wide scope of business will be managed from the above offices.

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July 8, 1913.

Not coal lands. 016097
NOTICE is hereby given that John W. F. Diss, whose post-office address is 302 Stimson Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 29th day of July, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 016097, to purchase the SW 1/4 Sec. 27, Lots 1, 2, Sec. 33, Lot 4, Section 34, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$343.70, the stone estimated at \$171.85 and the land \$171.85; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 24th day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 11, 1913.

019293 Not coal lands.
NOTICE is hereby given that George Washington Haight, whose post-office address is 1686 W. Adams street, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 7th day of July, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019293, to purchase the NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Section 8, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and the stone thereon have been appraised at \$100.00 (see 015339), the stone estimated at \$60.00 and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 25th day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 21, 1913.

014048. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Charles A. Foote, of Los Angeles, Cal., who, on Oct. 14, 1911, made Homestead entry No. 014048, for SE 1/4 Sec. 20, W 1/2 SW 1/4 Sec. 21, Lot 2, Sec. 23, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 10th day of September, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: E. F. Decker, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Fred Vaughan, of Cornell, Cal.; Oscar Keffer, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Eugene Kincaid, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 11, 1913.

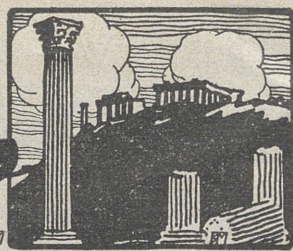
013250 Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Ruth A. See, widow of George F. See, deceased, of Cornell, California, who, on June 1, 1911, made Homestead entry No. 013250, for E 1/2 NE 1/4 Sec. 20, W 1/2 NW 1/4 Sec. 21, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 21st day of August, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: George Francis, Elmer M. Smashov, St. Elmo B. W. Wright, Charles M. Decker, all of Cornell, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

It may be reasoned with much certainty that art is essentially a decoration. It is interesting to apply this definition to art in the broadest meaning of the term. Naturally, we think of art in the decorative sense as pertaining only to the painters' craft. To decorate means simply to embellish and when we turn art upon this subtle spindle we readily see that all art from the tiny ivory miniature to the great epic poem is in a strict measure a decoration. This, though, may not carry a deep meaning to the average layman, yet few can doubt that the chief function of a painting lies in its value to add beauty to the interior of the room in which it is placed.

In order that I may place before my readers a simple object lesson in the affirmative, let me briefly consider the four panels of Indian life in the southwest which Maynard Dixon has just completed for the home of Mrs. Anita Baldwin McClaughry and which were shown recently at a private exhibition at the temporary studio of the artist at No. 431 South Hill street. These panels are simply the A B C's of my assertion, and yet mural painting is perhaps the artist's one best chance to prove his ability to the public. The world's good mural painters today may be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Many artists who paint great easel pictures could not compose a mural scheme if their lives depended upon it, yet this is no depreciation of their great art or of their mental caliber. Many people are able to hum delightful little tunes who are not able to sing a full song. I am convinced that mural painting is the full song in comparison to the easel picture and the great scarcity of good mural painters lies in the fact that the majority of our great artists are content to "hum."

No doubt, the slow appreciation on the part of the people has had not a little to do with the meager development along this branch of art, but surely the day of the mural painter is at hand. To paint a successful mural composition the artist must see his subject in a big way and be able to command his hand to draw, model, and paint it in a big manner. The veteran painter will remember well how hard it was to break away from his charcoal stick and paint a tiny thumb-box sketch in color. He will also recollect how slow was the evolution from the thumb-box sketch up to the easel canvas. However, I am inclined to think that the mural painter is in a class entirely to himself, for I know of at least two excellent mural artists who do not paint a good easel picture. Coming back to our original topic we find the decorative possibilities of good art reaching their highest form of development in the mural paintings, yet this class of work best illustrates the point that all art is in its strictest sense a decoration. Limited space forbids me to enter into a technical discussion of this problem for I feel that at this time I owe Mr. Dixon more comment than I can afford to give him here.

For many years we have heard of Dixon as a western painter, but until last fall Los Angeles has never had the opportunity of seeing any of his original work in oil. Early in October announcement was made that Mr. Dixon was coming to Los Angeles to execute a series of panels for the new residence of Mrs. McClaughry at Arcadia. A

week later, thanks to Mr. Arthur G. Eenton, the architect, The Graphic contained a full account of this important commission and a detailed review of the splendid works taken from the original cartoons in color, then in Mr. Benton's possession. Since that time we have followed the progress of the work rather carefully and our readers have been kept informed concerning its various stages; hence a complete review of the four huge canvases seems superfluous. It has taken Mr. Dixon six months to complete this work and we can honestly say that nothing so good in mural art has ever been seen in Los Angeles. The original cartoons were promising, but the completed work far surpasses them in color, treatment, and general feeling.

Two of these panels are fully eighteen feet long and two of them are twelve feet. Each is four feet in height. The drawing is excellent and the grouping of the figures is skillful in the extreme. The color scheme is unusually attractive, rich, and harmonious, yet delightfully gray and subdued. All four panels have the same horizon line. Low distant hills, wide mysterious deserts, gray-green skies, great cloud banks, rugged, shadowy foreground, and with the well massed figure groups, combine to make these splendid panels not only a pictorial triumph, but one of actual historic value to the whole southwest. I sadly regret that this really great work must be lost to the many for the pleasure of the few.

It is no longer a matter of dispute that photography can be made to be more than a mere mechanical process. It has been only a short time since the question has been decided and many a master of the brush still regards the man behind the camera with mild contempt and refuses to include him in his category of true genius. The day is fast passing, indeed is almost gone, when eminent painters will look askance at their camera brothers-in-art, but will be only too willing to accept his methods for what they are worth to the craft in general. Even now there can be no dispute that art is deeply indebted to photography as an aid to the observation of nature, while photography is still more indebted to art, for through her has it developed from a record of facts into a means of wonderful expression.

I would suggest that the painter and the art photographer come together upon a plan of mutual understanding for fraternal aid, for I am sure that the tie of blood is already so strong between them that for mere appearance's sake they can no longer afford to remain cold and unbrotherly and hope to escape public criticism. It is a well known fact that photography is a mere technical process only up to a certain point of development, after which it becomes as the damp clay to the sculptor with many of the same possibilities for an artistic triumph or a hideous daub of meaningless lines and shadows, the result depending solely upon the ability of the artist. Few will take exception to my statements who had the privilege of attending the dedication of the Rosamonde Borden gallery at the Hotel Windermere at Santa Monica Saturday night of last week when eighty-five photographic studies of western and far northern landscapes from the camera of Mr. Wineman were placed on public exhibition. Almost 800 invited guests

from Pasadena, Los Angeles, and Santa Monica gathered in the well equipped gallery to enjoy the hospitality of Mr. Wineman, and the gathering was indeed a brilliant one.

The collection of landscape studies represents fifteen years' endeavor on the part of Mr. Wineman to place before the public accurate and artistic representations of the scenic wonders of America. I am confident that the artist is a strong believer in the "see America first" movement and few who view his splendid studies can fail to appreciate the logic of the argument. Among the most noteworthy studies shown at this time are "Grand Canyon," "Symphonic Splendor," "Misty Morning," "The Living and the Dead," "The Land of Wonder and Mystery," "After the Storm," "Myth and Mystery." These compose the Grand Canyon group and are of unusual beauty. The excellent subjects from the Yosemite group are "Sunrise," "Mt. Moran," "Lone Pine on Sentinel Dome," "Vernal Falls," "Windswept," and "In the Valley." The best of the Yellowstone group are "Tower Falls," "Deer in Wilderness" and "Yellowstone River Before the Plunge." Gems from the far north collection include "Mt. Sir Donald, Yoho Canyon," "Valley of the Peaks," "Mt. Stephens and Cathedral Peaks," "Indian Town, Sitka, Alaska," "Rapids of Indian River," "In the Teton Timber Preserve, Jackson Lake." The best of the desert group is "Comarron City, New Mexico," "At the Portals of Acoma Trail," and "Climbing up to Acoma." The California group is of great interest and the favorite subjects are "Eucalyptus Grove," "Ruins, San Luis Rey Mission," "Contentment," "San Luis Rey Arch," "Mme. Modjeska in Her Garden," "Gardens of Capistrano," and "Santiago Canyon." Those wishing to see this interesting collection may do so at any time by applying to the hotel office at Santa Monica.



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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 5, 1913.

Not coal lands 0016654
NOTICE is hereby given that Monroe J. Groshong, whose post-office address is Box 51, Owensmouth, California, did, on the 17th day of October, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 016654, to purchase Lot 1, Section 27, Township 2 North, Range 17 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the Timber and Stone Law, at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$29.25, the stone estimated at \$29.25 and the land nil; the said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and a sworn statement on the 23rd day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 17, 1913.

013716 Not coal lands
NOTICE is hereby given that Cylurus W. Logan, of Box 356, Sawtelle, Cal., who, on August 17, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 013716, for W $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 22, E $\frac{1}{2}$ N $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 21, Township 1 S., Range 12 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five year (Soldiers' & Sailors' Act) proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 5th day of September, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a. m. Claimant names as witnesses: Joseph Anker, of Santa Monica, Cal.; John Riley, of Sawtelle, Cal.; William D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Charles Johnson, of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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Social & Personal

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. John S. Valley of 3452 South Flower street of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Eleanor Valley, to Mr. Geoffrey O'Connell. The wedding is to take place the morning of September 4 at St. Vincent's Church.

Mrs. Hugh Livingston Macneil, who with her brother, Mr. James Slauson, recently returned from a tour of South America, passed a few days in the city this week, but has gone to Santa Barbara to join Mr. Slauson and their sister, Mrs. Kate Slauson Vosburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Tolhurst have returned to their home in St. Andrews' place after a motoring trip through the north.

September 16 has been decided upon as the date of the marriage of Miss Jennie Bulkley, daughter of Mrs. F. G. Bulkley, 710 West Twenty-eighth street to Mr. Murray Vosburg, son of Mrs. Kate Slauson Vosburg. Only a few friends and relatives will witness the twilight ceremony, which is to be performed at St. John's.

Mr. Fred Spencer and his niece, Miss Achsah Stimson of Seattle, have returned north after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ezra T. Stimson of West Adams street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. A. Off and son of the Rex Arms are at the Off ranch at San Juan Capistrano for an outing. They were joined there early in the week by Miss Georgie Off, who has just returned from a trip through the east.

Mrs. Lawrence Roland Sevier of Park View avenue gave a luncheon Tuesday afternoon for Mrs. Amadee Giannini of San Francisco and Mrs. William Kimball of Springfield, Mass. The appointments were all in yellow with flowers and tulle and golden place cards, marking covers for Mrs. Fred O. Johnson, Mrs. J. Crampton Anderson, Mrs. A. H. Runge of New York and Mrs. George Kremmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan of West Twenty-fourth street are passing a few days at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Schweppe have returned from their wedding trip and are at Hotel Beverly Hills until the completion of their own home.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Byrne and their interesting family have returned from a trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard J. Doran are enjoying a trip through Yellowstone Park as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Epes Randolph.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Truworthy and little daughter are at home again at 742 Garland avenue after a pleasant eastern tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Salisbury are being felicitated over the arrival of a little son. Mrs. Salisbury was Miss Lois Chamberlain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Chamberlain.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Burnett and their daughter, Miss Mildred Burnett of Beacon street, are at Squirrel Inn for a fortnight.

Mrs. W. J. Chichester and Miss Katherine Chichester are visiting in San Francisco. On their return they will be at home at 653 West Twenty-eighth street.

Miss Florence Wood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood of St. James Park, has decided upon Monday evening, September 1, as the date of

her marriage to Mr. Joy Clark. The ceremony is to take place at Christ Church. Tuesday evening Miss Wood was the honored guest at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Radford of West Adams street. Covers were arranged for Mrs. W. H. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini Wood, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Bessie Hill, Mr. Perry Wood and Mr. Henry Daly.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Harrison of Kingsley Drive, who have been enjoying a trip up the coast, have returned to their Los Angeles home.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Innes and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story will return next week from a motoring trip to Idyllwild.

After motoring through the north and down the coast, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holliday are at home again at 1283 West Adams street.

Mr. and Mrs. Seeley W. Mudd of Harvard boulevard are entertaining Dr. and Mrs. Harvey S. Mudd of St. Louis.

Mrs. W. W. Mines of Kingsley Drive, Miss Pauline Vollmer and little Miss Patricia Mines are at Santa Barbara.

Judge and Mrs. Victor E. Shaw, Miss Ethel Shaw and Mrs. James D. McCoy are at Glenwood Springs, Colo., for the remainder of the summer.

Among the Los Angelans at Avalon are Mr. Chester Hoag and his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Hoag and Messrs. Chester and John Hoag.

August 20 has been decided upon as the date of the marriage of Miss Alice Groff, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Lewis A. Groff, to Mr. Woodford Davison. Only members of the two families will witness the ceremony which is to take place at the Groff home on Irolo street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Q. Stanton and little daughter, have returned from a month at Hermosa.

At Hotel del Coronado

Mrs. W. H. Hook of Los Angeles, who has been at Coronado this summer, enjoyed a week's stay on her ranch at Glendora, returning to the hotel Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. W. S. McArthur, Miss Elizabeth McArthur and Dr. and Mrs. P. R. McArthur are guests at the hotel.

Other Los Angelans registered include Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bondin, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. C. Drew, Mr. and Mrs. J. Corey, Miss Florence Bondin, Mrs. Philip Newmark, Mrs. I. S. Green, Mrs. I. W. Anderson, Miss Pauline Howard, Dr. W. E. Mabey, Mrs. E. A. Rowe, Mr. J. W. Vogt and Mr. S. Alex Appold.

Additional books on the fall list of the Frederick A. Stokes Company are "The Man of Pleasure," by Ralph Neville; "Prince Charlie," by William Power, being a "narrative history of the 'Bonnie Prince' and the failure of the last hope of the Stuarts," illustrated and bound uniformly with "Mary Queen of Scots," by H. T. Skae; "Ranching for Sylvia," by Harold Bindloss; "The Soul of Melicent," by James Branch Cabell, a romantic medieval love story; "Dave's Daughter," by Patience Bevier Cole; "The Headquarters Recruit and Other Stories," by Richard Dehan, author of "Between Two Thieves;" "A Modern Eve," by May Edington, and "The White Thread," by Robert Halifax, a tale of a little maid-of-all-work in a dreary London slum quarter.

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Songs from the Great English Poets

Franklin Hopkins, the American composer, whose settings for poems by American authors were reviewed in *The Graphic* several months ago, has three other volumes—forty-four songs in all—in which he has still further carried out his idea of providing music for verses that are worthy of the attentions of the musician. In many of these he has covered ground already occupied by composers of greater note, but in most instances he has introduced poetry which has been unknown hitherto to the singer. In all of them he displays an independence of thought and method which would commend his efforts, even were the results less excellent. Art progresses only as traditions are violated, and students will be interested in noting how little Mr. Hopkins cares for any of the rules which have been regarded as fundamental. Of course, most of these restrictions placed upon the composers of songs have been set at naught by Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss, and other modern Europeans, but there is in Mr. Hopkins' work no trace of the revolutionary tendency of these men. His independence is not obtrusive, and the sole idea he seems to have in mind continually is to express in terms of music, so far as possible, the idea of the poet.

Probably the most noticeable thing about Mr. Hopkins' work is his appreciation of the place to which melody is entitled. The tendency of the modern composers is to look askance upon anything which sounds like a tune, and to those who hold with this atmospheric line of thought, Hopkins will seem reactionary; but the line must be drawn sharply between lyric and dramatic music. The sugary strains of Verdi are as much out of place in the tragic dramas which he set to music, as the dissonances of Strauss or Debussy would be in interpretations of the poems of Tom Moore. Mr. Hopkins has realized that the essence of the lyric verse is its rhythm. The lover of poetry, who is musically inclined, can almost always hear echoing in his consciousness, a sort of lilt for his favorite verses. For instance, I have in mind just the kind of music I feel would be suited perfectly to the passage of Tennyson's "The Lotus Eaters" beginning:

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass.

If I heard it I would recognize it instantly, but not having the faculty of expressing myself in music, I cannot even so much as suggest it. Thus the real test of such a work as that which Mr. Hopkins is doing, is this: How closely do his compositions approximate this inner consciousness which one possesses of the inherent music of the poems? The significance of this is seen best through the few failures in the compositions. "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" is known less for its poetry than as the accessory to the traditional air belonging to it, so that while Mr. Hopkins has written an excellent bit of music for it, it is impossible to obtain a good perspective. Similarly with "Who is Sylvia?" and Moore's "Sweet Evening Bells," which he wrote to fit the tune to which it has long been sung.

Now, the music which Mr. Hopkins has provided for these songs which are known more widely as music than as literature, might have been as good in every way as that, for example, which he has written for Shelley's "I Arise From Dreams of Thee," which also has been set to music, but not with so great success, and yet failed of the effectiveness of the latter for this reason. This is why the music of America, purloined bodily from "God Save the King," defies all attempts to displace it as the national anthem. It is lugubrious and entirely lacking in the quality of aspiration and freedom

which is found in "The Star Spangled Banner, and yet tradition has accepted it, and it remains.

This setting of the Shelley serenade is the gem of the entire three collections, if one may choose where there is so great diversity. Employing the sonorous key of E major, for which this composer displays a marked preference, and in which much of his best work is done, he breathes the passion of the desert in measures which sigh and throb, and sigh again, while the undertone of an organpoint diapason maintains the conventional oriental atmosphere. It is a veritable maze of "accidentals," but not nearly so difficult as it looks at first sight, with naturals, sharps and double sharps apparently scattered on the page from a pepper shaker.

In delicious contrast, and demonstrating that Mr. Hopkins appreciates the value of simplicity as well as being the master of complexity, is the setting for Tom Moore's "How Sweet the Answer Echo Makes," and that for the Sir Walter Scott ballad, "A Weary Lot is Thine Fair Maid." This latter is a splendid specimen of the old-fashioned ballad; it was obviously written for music, and yet I do not recall ever previously encountering it as a song. Here again the composer has adapted his muse to the spirit of the poet, and it is unmistakably the eighteenth century which sings. Still further simplicity is found in the berceuse movement employed for Robert Browning's "The Isle's Enchantress," for while the verses themselves are rather cryptic, the large soporific conveys the general impression desired; and one is inclined to suspect that this may have been the poem regarding which a friend asked Browning for the meaning, and he replied frankly: "I don't remember, but isn't it pretty?"

One of the interesting examples of the difference in method between Hopkins and many other song writers is his interpretation of Kingsley's "Oh That We Two Were Maying." Often and often have I listened with rapt admiration to the game of vocal music for this poem, but which the composer herself had not the effrontery to try, to apply to the last stanza, and so used only the first two. The problem of reconciling the idea of the playtime and lovetime of the first two stanzas, with the death motive of the third is easy for the poet, but difficult for the composer, without an actual break in the continuity of his song. The break must be there, but the cleverness of Mr. Hopkins is shown in the introduction of an element of suspense which almost demands an actual departure from the introductory motive.

These merely suggest the scope of this composer's work. There are, naturally, high lights in so big an undertaking. One cannot strike twelve every hour, but still Mr. Hopkins is seldom farther from it than, say, half past ten, and that, if one may employ the phraseology of the season, entitles him to a place in the world series lineup. ("Thirty Songs From the Great English Poets," by Franklin Hopkins; Cecil Mackie, New York; "Shakespeare Album" (six songs) and "Keats Album" (eight songs), by Franklin Hopkins; Novello & Co. R. B.

"The Iron Trail," by Rex Beach, is to be published by Harper & Brothers in August. The scene is laid in Alaska and the story deals with struggles of rival railroad builders, encounters with glaciers, and various romantic adventures.

An important novel by Reginald Wright Kauffman, the scene of which will be laid in New York city, will be published by Moffat, Yard & Co. in September.

Everybody "Overdoing It" in Gotham

The dancing mania had reached an acute stage in New York before Mayor Gaynor drew the line at dancing matinees beginning at eleven in the morning and set his foot down against dancing before one p. m. Though there are those who say his interest in dancing merely serves to divert attention from other of his activities. Now, there is scarcely a well-known hotel in town that does not sacrifice table space to the general mania. The Tea Dansant is quite the thing for "the tired business man," though to see him get over the floor one forgets his fatigue in amazement at the surplus energy he has left at the end of the day. It seems that the Wall street offices close at three. The busy broker immediately hires him to a teacher at hand in the building. From three to four he goes through the step learning process, then he makes a bee line for a favored spot to indulge in the sport itself. And it is sport the way he enters the lists. He grows red in the face, he mops his perspiring brow, he looks grimly determined, or foolishly fatuous in his joy at his prowess.

Few go through the evolutions with easy grace, though it must be said that dances of the present day do not easily lend themselves to grace. Each couple is a law unto itself. A roomful of people disport themselves rhythmically and no two couples in the same way. The thing that seems particularly to appeal to the men is that they do not have to wear formal afternoon or evening dress. It is recognized that they come directly from their offices. The women show strange extremes in attire. Afternoon garb alternates with morning waists and tailored suits, and the women inside are of all shapes and sizes and ages. Slim young creatures full of the joy of living, slim older ones whose white hair seems hardly in keeping with the extreme undignity of their steps; stout middle-aged persons with feet held by narrow skirts bound agilely over the floors.

Twice a week professional dancers appear who perform alone while the others watch. It is an easy way for the accomplished dancer to keep abreast of the time. On these days there is a rush for tables. But even on the odd days it is well to reserve a table in advance, since there is room for comparatively few. These outline the room. The central space is kept clear. The orchestra is at one end of the room, at times in a balcony. Negro orchestras are in vogue, for they seem to get a peculiar lilt in the rhythm very pleasing to the dancer. There is much joy for the onlooker who follows the evolutions of the couples as they pass and repass. One learns their peculiarities quickly and the attention is soon focussed upon the few extremely graceful ones or the voluptuous ones that have thrown the new dances into disrepute or rather who keep them in disrepute. It is odd, this craze that has come over the world. At first, stage dancers began to do new and strange things. Then society folk began to imitate them and row as has been said, "Everybody is overdoing it," in European capitals as well as in New York.

Our psychologists, nonplussed at the strange things that they see and hear, are busy trying to explain the why and wherefore. What is the appeal? Where did the dances come from? Everyone has a theory and as is the way with theories they are partly right and partly wrong. Some of them at least fail for stopping this side of the beginning. There are those who believe the dances are quite new. Others go a little way back and say that they are imported from San Francisco's "Barbary Coast." But our friends from Paris know that something not very far away from the present dances was given thirty years ago in Parisian dives. But the music tells another story. Its peculiar rhythm has a strong oriental flavor strangely reminiscent of the old jingling immoral tunes of the midway brought for our amusement from the far East. This

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Claimant names as witnesses: Cylurus W. Logan, of Sawtelle, Cal.; Charles Johnson, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Joseph Anker, of Santa Monica, Cal.; William D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Oriental association persists no matter with what frills and furbelows the tunes may deck themselves.

But the bodily response that follows when the music sets old and young alike vibrating to answer its call is probably even more primitive. I remember many years ago seeing a two-year-old child whose little legs had hardly passed the toddling stage responding as its mother touched the piano keys with untaught bodily movements strangely like those of the turkey trot. I fancy it is this primitive muscular rhythmic sense that makes the whole world kin and explains the mad dancing whirl. It certainly has something of the unconsciousness of childhood and savagery for only extreme lack of self-consciousness could account for the apparent failure to recognize that we look as awkward as the next couple. And this may be a good thing. The trouble is in not knowing when to stop. The sport has gone to the heads of otherwise sane folks. Dancing done normally is good healthful exercise for mind and body. But when it drives sober business men out of business and makes of them teachers of the new cult it would seem that things had gone a bit far.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, Aug. 4, 1913.



Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

As a rule, when an important addition is made to the forces of the local stock companies, the player is heralded with so many columns of fulsome praise that the public expects a Sir Henry Irving or a Sarah Bernhardt at least, and therefore its disappointment is so keen that simple merit seems mediocrity. That was the danger which surrounded the coming of Henry Kolker as leading man of the Morosco organization, but Mr. Kolker has done what few lauded newcomers achieve—he has made good, at least, in his first appearance. He has personality, a suave presence, a musical and well modulated voice, perception, and although a little inclined now and then to obviousness and a singing of his emotional lines, he is always interesting. The play is "Our Wives," a brisk three-act comedy in which Mr. Kolker starred in the east. It is based on a theme as old as the garden of Eden. There are four jolly companions, young bachelors who have been in college together, and whose friendship has endured for many years. Frank Powers—"Paste," a librettist with a distaste for the opposite sex; Sylvan Martin, "Corksy," a stockbroker; Harry Lyons—"Spider"—an artist, and Melville Tatum—"Rattle"—a dentist. Spider and Rattle and Corksy succumb to the lure of the eternal feminine, swearing, however, that their marriage shall not break up the friendship of the quartette; although Paste with his keen knowledge of human nature, places no faith in this.

Paste is determined to eschew women; but in the same apartment house lives a pretty girl with a musical talent whose melodies appeal to him to such an extent that he enters into a collaboration, with the condition that each shall act as a sexless machine. He calls her Wilson and she calls him Paste. They quarrel, they laugh, they banter—but as Paste fondly believes, without a thought of sex. Then the honeymooners return from their bliss and are invited with their wives to Paste's apartment for dinner. And of course the wives look with suspicion upon each other and upon their husbands' friends—gossip begins, and the walls of Rome are merrily burning. Yet in spite of this awful example, Paste suddenly realizes that Wilson is not a machine; he becomes aware of the soft flush in her cheeks and the sparkle in her eyes; and the melodies she invokes reveals the soul of her to him. And so it all ends in the good old-fashioned way—orange blossoms and wedding bells and old shoes in the distance.

The Morosco organization invests the production with unusual charm. Mr. Kolker's satisfying work is delightful, while Charles Ruggles as the youthful dentist harvests a good crop of laughs. Thomas Meighan furthers the good impression he has made, but Howard Scott does not find his most fertile field in "straight" parts and falls a little short of his usual high standard. Although her part is merely a "feeder" for Mr. Kolker's, Frances Ring's girlish beauty and attractive personality enhance the role of Wilson, the composer, to the point of making it one of the big characters. Grace Valentine as the "tootsie-wootsie" young bride is delicious, but Helene Sullivan does not "come back" in her old style; probably, through nervousness and the effect of a gown that looks as if it hailed from the sacred confines of an emporium in Podunk.

Beatrice Nichols is a fiery little Irish girl, although her habit of drawing in her breath and half giggling is a bad mannerism which is growing on her. Owing to an unfortunate accident James Applebee was forced to release his role of the faithful servant to George Rand, who handles it excellently. The stage settings are effective, except in the dingy gray walls of the dining room in the last act. They intrude a jarring note out of harmony in an artist's apartment.

Novelties at the Orpheum

Music of every known variety holds forth at the Orpheum this week, with Theodore Bendix and his symphony players as the bright particular stars of the bill. They give a program well chosen for vaudeville audiences; eschewing ragtime—thank heaven—but offering such popular music of the better quality as Brahms' Hungarian Dance, Godard's "Jocelyn" Berceuse, played with exquisite feeling by cellist Arthur Bernstein, a Sarasate gypsy fantasy, given by violinist Michel Bernstein; a special Bendix arrangement of the saccharine "Rosary" and an enticing Irish potpourri, with the haunting Humoresque as an encore. What delights a program of well chosen chamber music rendered by this quartette would yield. Of course, local interest centers in the coming of Marjorie Rambeau and Willard Mack. Marjorie's hair seems to have taken on the notion that variety is the spice of life, for with every new appearance in this city it has achieved a different hue. One cannot refrain from wondering if her temperament reflects the hue of her locks, which just now seem to be an ashen blonde. The sketch is a disappointment, lacking any real element of suspense, although there is much skill of byplay and stage business to lend it a false value now and then. Mr. Mack does a striking bit of character work, but Miss Rambeau overdoes her emotional work, particularly in the use of her hands. Her accent and occasionally her gesturing, are truly in keeping with the character. Only two of the "Three in One" team appear, and of these a Jewish comedian captures the honors with his ragtime and character work. McIntyre and Harty are quasi-favorites; and would have a stronger hold if they were to do more singing and less talking about nothing. Ida O'Day, minus her banjo, but pretty as a picture, gets over fairly well, but her act would be stronger were she to produce a "pink-a-pink" machine. Skillful work with hats, with many novel features, is offered by Moran and Wiser, and the holdovers are the Four Le Grohs, wonderful contortionists, and the "Trained Nurses."

Offerings For Next Week

At the Majestic theatre John Mason will open the fall season Monday night in Augustus Thomas' master drama, "As a Man Thinks." In the leading character of this play Mr. Mason has achieved his greatest triumph, while the play itself has been greeted as one of America's finest. Already, the demand for seats has been remarkable for this occasion. Mr. Mason has surrounded himself with a most capable company. Julie Herne, the leading woman, is the daughter of the famous actor-playwright, James Herne and is considered one of the most brilliant of the younger actresses. Others concerned in the production are John Flood, Grace Reals, George

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Gaston, Jane Salisbury, Lyster Chambers and a number of others who appeared with Mr. Mason in his long engagement in New York. The play is a defense of the Jew as well as a psychological treatment, and contains a powerful argument on the double moral standard for men and women. The opening of the regular Majestic season is an event of interest, and the appearance of Mr. Mason makes it one of the important occasions of the season.

"Madame Sherry" continues its record-breaking pace at the Burbank theatre, where every performance finds the spacious Main-street playhouse packed to the doors, while many are turned away from the box-office. All Burbank attendance records have been broken by the run, and even the warm weather has not diminished the demand for seats. The fourth week will begin Sunday afternoon. The success of this musical play has exceeded the fondest managerial hopes, broken every existing record in stock company history, and created a new star in the person of pretty Selma Paley, who has flashed into the limelight and promises to remain there. The cast will remain the same, with Miss Paley in the alluring role of Yvonne Sherry, the little convent maiden, and others of the organization so perfected in their roles that the production has a metropolitan finish.

One of the biggest comedy successes that have reigned at the Morosco theatre is now occupying the boards of that playhouse in the form of the merry show, "Our Wives," in which Henry Kolker is making his first appearance before local audiences. Mr. Kolker has scored a personal triumph and established himself in the affections of local playgoers by his handling of the role of Frank Bowers, the young librettist whose adamant heart is assaulted and overthrown by

a pretty girl; while Frances Ring, as the girl, is doing a charming piece of work. Howard Scott, Charles Ruggles and Thomas Meighan are provided with excellent parts, and Grace Valentine, Beatrice Nichols and Helene Sullivan are achieving individual triumphs. The story of the four bachelors who surrender to matrimony and the effect of feminine gossip, has found large favor in the eyes of the theater-going public, and announcement is made that a second week of the play will begin Sunday afternoon in order to satisfy the demand for seats.

Headliners on this week's Orpheum bill are Irene Franklin and Burt Green, who have been held over in San Francisco by the insistent demand of patrons. Miss Franklin's most famous song is "Redhead," and she will include this in her repertoire of new songs, composed by Mr. Green. Among the numbers are "Dimples," "I Want to be a Janitor's Child," "I'm a Bring-in' Up the Family," "Expressions," "The Girl from Child's," and "Farewell, Broadway." With Miss Franklin and Mr. Green come four new acts. Pat Rooney and Marion Bent will be remembered here for their successful appearance in the past. Both are good dancers and in their diverting skit, "At the News Stands," they will demonstrate their talents. Jane Connelly has a new vehicle, "A Strong Cup of Tea," of which the plot is withheld, but it is said to embody a battle of wits between the sexes and to be brim full of laughter. Edgar Berger is a contortionist who does marvelous things with his body. A fifteen minute diversion in song and dance and story will be furnished by Fred Watson and Rena Santos. Theodore Bendix and his symphony players will continue to delight; Marjorie Rambeau and Willard Mack will be held over for another week, as will Moran and Wiser, the comedy boomerang hat throwers.

Pioneering in Arizona

BY THOS. L. SHULTZ

XVII.

In the spring of 1881 J. M. Meadows and family arrived on Walnut Creek, Yavapai County, Arizona, journeying from Tulare County, Cal. They remained until November of that year when they continued on to Tonto Basin in the eastern portion of the county and made their permanent home in Diamond Valley about fifteen miles from Green Valley or what is known now as Payson. Only a few people were living in the Basin at that time, and those were men engaged principally in the business of stock raising. The country was wild and almost the virgin hunting ground of that especially bloodthirsty breed of Apaches known as "Tontos," but then fattening at government expense on San Carlos reservation a hundred miles or so to the southeast. These Indians with their cutthroat brothers the "White Mountain" Apaches, joining them immediately on the east, were all placed on the reservation in 1874 and at the time of which I am writing (1881) there were perhaps in that country of nearly 200 square miles not more than 200 white people. Strange as it may seem at that date, those settlers, "few and far between," virtually occupying the very homes of the most cruel and vicious tribe of Indians on the continent, were not afraid. They seemed to treat the savage with about the same consideration that they would the bear, lion or any other dangerous animal of the forest, but not one white more. When a pioneer found a spot that suited him and he "settled," God help the individual or thing that attempted to pry him loose without the backing of the strong arm of the law.

While the placing of the Indians on the reservations in 1874 appeared to many people as a safeguard for the settlers, it really proved the reverse, for it was not long before the Indians were obtaining from the military arsenals arms and ammunition with which to hunt game, it was declared, but in reality the natives had a more sinister design as hundreds of tragedies prove that occurred in the twelve years following. Before the Apaches were taken from their accustomed haunts and subjected to military regulations, the pioneer generally knew where they were and how they were armed. But it was a different story with the new condition of affairs. The settlers scattered over a large area of country with poor and slow methods of communication would frequently receive word by courier on horseback that the Indians had "broken out" (left the reservation). Then it was that the settlers would hurriedly centralize, selecting generally the best place for defense, and prepare for any eventualities. When communities could do this they were as a rule safe from attack, for if there was anything on earth that was precious to an Apache it was his own unpenetrated skin. And to keep it well filled at government expense and free from contact with the settlers' bullets was about the acme of his ambition. He preferred to sneak upon his unsuspecting victims and from a well protected ambush shoot to kill.

It was just such an episode that befell the Meadows' family July 15, 1882, just a little more than six months after their arrival at their new home in the Basin. The rumor that a number of Indians had left the reservation had caused the family to move to Green Valley, fifteen miles distant, for protection, where they remained for a fortnight or so, and the Indians not appearing and scouts reporting no traces of them in the country the family moved back to their home July 12. The members of the family were Mr. and

Mrs. J. M. Meadows, their sons, Henry, John and Charles (grown men), Mrs. women), and James, Jake and Mobley, Rose and Maggie (young unmarried women), and James, Jake and Marbly, boys under twelve years of age. On account of the illness of Mrs. Applestell, she with her husband and sister Rose remained at the settlement of Green Valley, thus fortunately were not witnesses to the frightful tragedy that occurred at the home three days later. With the family on its return from Green Valley was a Miss Sarah Hazelton, a young teacher in the Phoenix schools who had come to pass her vacation with her chums. The day preceding the attack on the family, the young women mounted on ponies rode for several miles about the country. Coming upon a cool, shady place along the creek, they dismounted, and removing their shoes and stockings went in wading. Miss Meadows is now Mrs. Thomas Beach of 1802 Oxford street, Los Angeles.

In speaking of the events of those days Mrs. Beach said: "It seems strange to me now, why at that time we never experienced fear. The day that Miss Hazelton and I were riding over the country and went wading in the creek, we were being secretly watched by the Indians, as told by them afterward, that on the following morning killed father and wounded brothers Henry and John, the former mortally." The day preceding the tragedy John Meadows had scouted over a good portion of the country but saw nothing of the Indians. Returning, he visited the home of Doc Massey and Geo. Gray, living five or six miles from the Meadows' ranch, and upon taking his departure requested that if he did not return in the forenoon of the next day for them to pick up and come over to his place in the afternoon. All were at home early in the evening and when night came on the evening was passed in the usual mirthful manner without any thought of the Apaches who at the hour of their retirement were forming a cordon about the premises.

At about 3 o'clock in the morning Henry arrived from Camp McDowell where he had gone a few days before to arrange for the selling of beef cattle. There he heard that the Indians had left the reservation and were making for Tonto Basin. He at once jumped on his horse and never rested until he dismounted in front of his father's door. Removing the saddle he turned his horse loose and entered the house and not wishing to disturb or alarm the family he quietly made for himself a pallet on the floor and removing only his cartridge belt and boots was soon sound asleep. Just at the break of day, the dogs began to bark furiously, and the father thinking that it was a bear endeavoring to filch a pig of which there were several in a pen a short distance from the house, called John and together with their guns they stepped out and surveyed the premises. They soon discovered that there was no bear near the pen when the father turned up the creek that ran by the house and John went down the stream. The latter followed the creek only a short distance when he turned back intending to go behind the house and join his father up the creek. When about half way and just opposite the house he heard the sharp report of two shots almost in unison. Instead of proceeding straight to his father he turned and ran to the door where he met Henry coming out with his rifle in his hand and his cartridge belt hanging on his arm. Together they hurried forward to the assistance of the father and when nearing the place where he fell, without seeing a single Indian, from the tall grass and scrub willows

immediately in front of them came a blinding flame from the muzzles of at least half a dozen rifles.

John Meadows, now of Los Angeles, says it is a mystery to him to this day how his brother and himself ever escaped from their tracks alive from that first fire. He says Henry cried: "Get to the house, John, if you can," and both terribly wounded actually did hobble the distance of more than one hundred yards, and the most astonishing thing is that while their clothes were riddled not another shot took effect. In the first fire Henry was wounded by a ball which lodged in his stomach after having passed through the stock of his rifle; a second ball exploded a cartridge in the belt which blew the brass shell into his hip making a frightful gash. John was shot through the right arm just above the elbow, another ball breaking one of the wrist bones in his left arm and a third hitting a brierwood pipe in his shirt pocket, causing a piece of it or the bullet to glance across the front of his anatomy tearing a slit about eight inches long. Mr. Meadows says the most diligent search failed ever to locate the pipe about the place where he was shot; with the exception of a good sized splinter which a doctor extracted from his back eight years after, that is all he has to remember the "briar." He thinks that if he lives long enough the rest of it may wear to the surface.

Getting the injured men in doors, the house was barred and the mother gave her attention to dressing of their wounds. John having both arms crippled was helpless, but Henry after being cared for proceeded to direct his sister and Miss Hazelton how to use the rifles in case of attack, and himself propped up in front of an opening—the house being constructed of logs with large cracks between gave sufficient space to watch the enemy and through which to fire if the occasion presented. Until late in the afternoon on this hot July day the family stood faithful vigil, but, fortunately, the cowardly "reds" withdrew without even attempting to secure the scalp of their victim. For in doing so they would be brought within view of the house and in range of the unerring rifle of Henry, which to them was too great risk however much they coveted the prize. Late in the afternoon, according to the agreement of the day before, Messrs. Massey and Gray, without knowing a thing of the attack came to the Meadows' home and were surprised on seeing the fiendish work of the savages. That same day one of the work horses came to the salt pit near the house and one of the younger boys went out, caught the animal and brought it to the house. Having secured the horse it was decided that as soon as it became dark that Miss Maggie should mount and ride to Green Valley for assistance. But the arrival of Gray saved her from this dangerous journey and as soon as it was dusk he mounted and rode as for life, arriving at his destination still in the early hours of the evening. At Green Valley the settlement was scattered over considerable country and it was nearly morning before the relief party got under way. That night the news of the death of the father and wounding of the brothers reached the sick bed of Mrs. Applestell and Miss Rose and the latter without consulting any one secretly secured herself a mount, rode like the wind through the night to the side of her stricken loved ones, arriving several hours in advance of the rescue party which put in its appearance soon after sunrise. The party at once went out and brought in Mr. Meadows, Sr., who was found to have been shot through the heart, causing instant death. His rifle carried an empty shell, proving that he had fired, but with what effect was never known. He was buried close to the house and the wounded brothers and family the same afternoon were

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conveyed back to Green Valley where at the expiration of a few weeks Henry succumbed, the shell having caused blood poisoning.

At the time of the attack two companies of United States cavalry were at Green Valley. The commanding officer was notified of the depredation of the savages, but would not move an inch in pursuit without orders. Two days were required for a scout to go to Fort McDowell and return with the desired instructions, when the order to "boots and saddle" and take up the chase was sounded. The troopers were joined by more than a hundred citizens and within three days they came up with the band of marauders who had withdrawn to the top of the Mogollon Mountains and had strongly fortified themselves and were calmly awaiting the arrival of the whites whom they knew were certain to follow. As soon as the Indians were discovered the whites proceeded to the attack, and things were getting decidedly warm, when another troop of cavalry which had been dispatched from Fort Apache to intercept the band, heard the firing, at once joined in the fray and dashing in on the flank of the savages put them to route. Those of the Indians that escaped—which was the larger half—hurried to the reservation and once there their identity was lost. Twelve or fifteen bucks were killed. Some of the wounded, with the squaws and children, were taken in charge by the troops and marched back to the reservation and that was the end of the matter. But it was nearly a year later that the whites got even good and plenty. News reached the citizens of Tonto Basin that the Indians were quietly congregating on Canyon Creek just over the line of the reservation and were preparing for another outbreak. In this they were prevented by the whites taking the initiative, who in strong force moved unsuspectingly upon Canyon Creek "rancherie" and the chastisement was simply awful. It was the end of further Indian depredations in Tonto Basin.

Charles Meadows after leaving the Basin organized a "Wild West" show and assuming the sobriquet "Arizona Charley," became quite a noted character. After successfully touring this country, he with his troupe invaded the antipodes, where it is said he again added considerably to his bank role. He is now a prosperous citizen of Yuma, Ariz. Mobley Meadows, the youngest of the family, is at present a resident of Imperial Valley and for some years has been the sheriff of the county.

Books

California's history reads like a romance, no matter in what bald and prosaic terms it is couched. The Spanish discovery, the establishment of the chain of missions, the opera-bouffe wars of the Mexican factions, the discovery of gold, the building of the transcontinental railways — all these and many other incidents connected with the development of the Golden State from the middle ages to the nineteenth century, are so different from the trend of events in almost every other portion of the globe, that fiction itself can scarcely embellish the story. This history has been told by John S. McGroarty in his book published two years ago, with full appreciation of all these romantic values. Now there comes another history of California, by another local writer, Henry K. Norton, in which every effort, apparently, is made by the writer to pay no attention to "color" but to transcribe in a plain and straightforward way the facts he has unearthed. Yet so vigorous is Mr. Norton in many of his statements, and so completely does his work conflict with that of Mr. McGroarty, that considerable controversy is certain to be stimulated, for it is impossible to consider either of the histories without comparison with the other.

Mr. Norton, for instance, does not find that the mission fathers were always the highminded men described by Mr. McGroarty; he even intimates that Father Junipero Serra, to question whose complete saintliness has heretofore been regarded almost as deadly heresy, could be petulant upon occasion; he pokes fun at the little wars of the Mexican governors and even goes so far as to say of the Pathfinder, Colonel Fremont, that "throughout the Bear Flag Revolt his position was an equivocal one, and even today his motives are not at all clear." As for the missions themselves, the following is an indication of Mr. Norton's viewpoint:

"Because of the many substantial things the mission system accomplished it is very generally conceded to have been a success; but the standard of success in such matters is not the amount accomplished but the degree in which the original purposes have been carried out. Measured by this standard the mission system like the other two instruments of Spanish occupation [the presidio and the pueblo] was a failure. The original purpose of these establishments was to reach, civilize and Christianize the Indians and to fit them for citizenship in the Spanish colonies of Alta California. At no point in mission history was this purpose near accomplishment. The Indians never became fitted for citizenship in the slightest degree. The moment they were freed from the paternal control of the missions they lapsed into their primitive barbarism, retaining only the vices they had learned from their contact with civilization." He goes on to intimate that the padres so far forgot the lowly example of St. Francis of Assisi as to enforce their control over the natives by the employment of cruelty and virtual enslavement, and demanding a personal homage inconsistent with the precepts of their great master.

Compare with this the McGroarty summation: "The result of this [mission] system on the Indians was little short of marvelous. From degraded 'diggers,' without law or morals to guide them, they grew into the stature of civilized beings. There is little foundation for the idiotic and far-fetched

lie that the Franciscans treated the Indians cruelly, or even with harshness except in rare instances. There was a strict discipline, to be sure, and punishment for crimes and misdemeanors. But equal justice was meted out to all. . . . The Indians and their descendants lost the land and the Mission establishments which the Franciscans taught them to till and to build, but they have never lost the religion which the padres brought them. Their descendants have it to this day. Wherefore, the dream of Junipero Serra is a dream come true."

Still further is the difference in the attitude of the two historians contrasted in the account of Governor Alvarado's suppression of the Los Angeles revolt headed by Jose Carrillo in 1838. Castro was sent to put down the rebellion and the "armies" met near what is now known as Ventura. Mr. McGroarty says: "For two days the opposing forces fired numberless shots at each other, whereupon the revolutionists fled. Happily, only one man was killed and it does not appear that any others were seriously hurt." Mr. Norton cannot resist sardonic humor as he tells the story thus: "After two days of continuous firing one man was reported killed. Carrillo's troops, not being able to withstand this slaughter, broke and fled. . . . The Los Angeles ayuntamiento, which almost constantly felt itself called upon to save the country, either from the tyranny of the Mexican government, or for madness of the 'patriots' of the north, by a splendid exhibition of political agility declared Alvarado to have been the rightful governor all along."

But enough of these deadly parallels. Let those versed in the lore and traditions adjudicate between the two. Mr. McGroarty is essentially a poet, Mr. Norton an iconoclast. The world needs each of such at times, and the literature of California is enriched by both contributions. ("The Story of California." By Henry K. Norton. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"Royal Women"

In an interesting little volume on "Royal Women," Mary Ridpath-Mann reveals many discrepancies between the accepted opinion of several characters and their real history, so that there is a new life shed upon the private lives of such personages as Queen Elizabeth, Marie Antoinette, Mary Queen of Scots and Josephine, wife of Napoleon. The characteristics, noble and ignoble, the affairs of the heart, the more intimate life of these famous women is discussed, and while there is little of the text-book style of history, there is much information of historic value to be gathered in reading the various chapters which are as absorbing as good fiction. Anecdotes which time has twisted into evil knots are related in their true application, revealing the innocence of a source which the world has declared evil. The illustrations that accompany the subject matter add to the attraction of the little book. ("Royal Women." By Mary Ridpath-Mann. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Magazines of the Month

Full of the vividness, the strained nerves, the overwrought energy, also the scientific precision and physical expertness of our times, is the story of "The White Linen Nurse" by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, in the Century for August. The descriptions are as terse and the dialogue as epigrammatic as the situation is tense and human. The

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story is to be in three parts and promises racy reading. More of the Orient by Robert Hichens, with illustrations in color by Jules Guerin give picturesque interest. A biographical sketch of Roman Roland by Alvan F. Sanborn tells something of the most notable figure among French novelists of the day. The portrait given, from a drawing by Graie, is in the futurist manner, and somewhat resembles an Easter egg! The usual number of varied articles complete an interesting number.

August issue of the Craftsman contains an article by Mary Richards Gray on "The Education of Children in the School Gardens of Los Angeles," and other educational contributions are "The New Education," by Arthur Dean; "Children as Guardians of the Birds," by T. Gilbert Pearson, and "Educating the Institutional Child," by Arthur D. Dean. Alice Lounsbury has an interesting illustrated story of gardens on the Hudson, Frances Tobey writes of "Shattered Garden and its Workers," and Marguerite Wilkinson rebels against the irony of fate in "The Tragedy: The Comedy." Technical discussions and editorial views abound.

Electricity's mighty scope is the theme of the leading article in August "Sunset," entitled "Live Wires," by Walter V. Woelke. E. Alexander Powell considers the Mexico situation and Walter E. Clark tells of the opening session of the first legislature of Alaska. In fiction contributions are found a "Billy Fortune" story by William R. Lighton, "Experiments in Tranquility," by A. J. Waterhouse, "The Texan," by Herman Whitaker, "The Dream," by John D. Barry, and "The Desert Inquisition," by Peter B. Kyne. "Motoring on Mt. Ranier" is an alluring topic in warm weather, treated by Carpenter Kendall, and there are numerous departmental features.

Notes From Bookland

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's "Our Hundred Years of Peace," on the preliminary fall list of the Macmillan Company, shows that although there has been no war between Great Britain and the United States since the Treaty of Ghent was signed in 1814, the feeling of genuine friendship existing between the two countries today was brought about only by slow steps and with much bitterness on both sides. The purpose of Senator Lodge is to enable the general reader fully to "comprehend the general meaning and effect of the war of 1812 and of the ninety-eight years of peace which have followed its conclusion." Other books not previously referred to are "The Life of Robert Toombs," by Ulrich Bonnell Phillips, Ph. D., professor of American history in the University of Michigan, an interesting contribution to the literature dealing with antebellum days and the heroes of that period; "The Credit System," by W. G. L. Taylor; a revised edition of "The Modern Trust Company: Its Functions and Organization," by Franklin Butler Kirkbride and J. E. Sterret; "Athens and Its Monuments," by Charles Heald Weller of the University of Iowa; "Hunting the Elephant in Africa," by Capt. C. H. Stigand, with an introduction by Col. Theodore Roosevelt; "The Barbary Coast," by Albert Edwards, author of "Comrade Yetta," "Panama,"

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RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST.

List 5-1698.

NOTICE is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 27 acres, within the Angeles National Forest, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on August 30, 1913. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to August 30, 1913, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are within Sec. 15, T. 2 N., R. 8 W., S. B. M., described by metes and bounds as follows: Beginning at corner No. 1, a granite rock H-1, whence the Forest Service Monument on the east bank of Dry Gulch as indicated on the San Antonio Quadrangle of the Topographical survey, bears N. 54° 45' E. 7.29 chains; extending thence S. 55° W. 17.98 chains; thence S. 24° W. 13.83 chains; thence N. 16° W. 7.81 chains; thence S. 41° 45' W. 6.50 chains; thence N. 47° 15' W. 5 chains; thence N. 35° 30' E. 16.20 chains; thence N. 68° E. 19.90 chains; thence S. 36° E. 4.81 chains to the place of beginning. Said tract was listed upon the application of Jake W. Widman, care of Weber's Camp, San Dimas, California; List 5-1698. Approved June 17, 1913. S. V. PROUDFIT, Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

and other books; "A Woman Rice Planter," by Patience Pennington, with an introduction by Owen Wister; "Tide Marks," by Margaret Westrup; "The Mouse Trap," by M. P. Willcocks, and "The Idiot," by Eyodor Dostoevsky, author of "The Brothers Karamazov," translation from the Russian by Constance Garnett.

Two of the most important books of Dodd, Mead & Co.'s fall list are "Our Eternal Life," by Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Telsceira de Matos, and "The Account of Captain Scott's Expedition to the South Pole," by Capt. Robert Falcon Scott, leader of the expedition. "Our Eternal Life" will probably prove to be the most important of Maeterlinck's contributions since "The Life of the Bee." The new work of the Belgian philosopher is an inquiry into the nature and the possibilities of the hereafter. He searches the mystery of death, about which from the earliest times "man has built up fetiches and taboos and has incorporated them into his religions, so that the result today is a great fear at which the strongest quail—the fear of the unknown and of possible imaginary horrors after death, a fear that has become built into our very racial fibre by long lines of fear-driven ancestors," and from the search builds up an idealistic conception of immortality. Publication of Capt. Scott's own manuscripts, which he did not live to finish, has been completed by Commander Evans, the second in command of the expedition and by other members of the Scott party. Dr. Wilson furnished a selection of remarkable color plates for the forthcoming book, which will be published in two volumes, each of about 530 pages, finely illustrated with photographs and maps.

Brief notice of the illness, at his home in Wales, of Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, reminds a writer in the New York Times that five years have elapsed since a new book from his once prolific pen last appeared in the publishers' lists. Yet Mr. Weyman is still a youngish man for a novelist, being two full years short of 60, and the taste for the stirring romance has surely not abated. From 1890 until 1908 he brought forth nearly every year one or more books of surprising merit and charm. The historic perspective was admirably preserved in such romances as "Under the Red Robe" and "A Gentleman of France," while the literary quality of those and other Weyman books was far out of the common. His careful research in the chronicles of era of Henri Quatre was clearly shown in his "Memoirs of a Minister of France," in which the story was supposed to be told by the counselor of King Henry IV., the renowned Sully. There has been no further news of Mr. Weyman's illness, which was, presumably, temporary, and there is room for hope that he has not yet laid aside his pen.

Thomas Dixon's new story, "The Southerner," a stirring romance of the war between the States, in which Lincoln figures, bears the same title as that used for "The Autobiography of Nicholas Worth" when that interesting narrative, attributed to Mr. Walter Hines Page, now our ambassador to the Court of St. James, appeared in book form. This is the book which Mr. Bacon of Georgia, chairman of the senate committee of foreign relations, professes to find disparaging to the South and its people. Nobody else has ever discovered this defect in the book, which pictures graphically actual conditions in the cotton states in the period following the war, and has been accounted a veracious and impartial narrative. Ambassador Page, who is a native of the South, certainly has no ill-feeling for that part of the country.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree has relieved the monotony of his life as an actor and manager of a big London theater with a few other dramatic ventures "on the side," by writing occasional books and lecturing, his discourses serving frequently as chapters in his books. He has an alert mind and

an engaging style, and he views human foibles with genial tolerance. He has published his lecture on "The Imaginative Faculty," and has written also "Hamlet from an Actor's Promptbook" and an essay on "Henry VIII. and His Court," the result of his studies for a revival of the Shakespeare play. He has just published in London a new volume of essays entitled "Thoughts and Afterthoughts," which may be one of the autumn books in this country. It includes essays entitled "Shakespeare and the Modern: a Defense of Public Taste," and "A Plea for Individualism."

Among the books for boys and girls the Macmillans have on their preliminary fall catalogue "When I Was a Little Girl," by Zona Gale; "The Voyage of the Hoppergrass," by Edward Lester Pearson; "Happy Acres," by Edna H. L. Turpin, being a chronicle of the further adventures of Anne Lewis, who was the heroine of "Honey Sweet;" "Babes in the Wild," by Chas. G. D. Roberts; "Stories of Old Greece and Rome," by Emilie Kip Baker, author of "Out of the Northland," and "Pinnocchio Under the Sea," translated from the Italian by Carolyn Della-Chiesa and edited by John W. Davis. The Macmillans also present a long list of books on literature and art, including "The Tragedy of Pompey," by John Masefield; "The Gospel Story on Art," by John La Farge, written shortly before his death; "How We Got the Greatest Book in the World," by Newell Dwight Hillis; "American Ideals: Character and Life," by Hamilton Wright Mabie, and "The Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics," edited by Curtis Hidden Page, professor of English literature in Dartmouth College and editor of "The Chief American Poets."

Included in the fall announcements of G. P. Putnam's Sons are "The Broken Halo," by Florence L. Barclay, author of "The Rosary," "The Mistress of Shenstone," "Threads of Grey and Gold" and "Happy Women," both by Myrtle Reed; "A Venetian June," by Anna Fuller; "The Guest of the Dream," by Edna Kingsley Wallace; "Retribution," by Maud Diver; "Fire Within," by Patricia Wentworth; "The Eagle's Talon," by George Ohnet; "Waterspring," by Arthur C. Benson; "The Old Boston Post Road," by Stephen Jenkins, author of "The Greatest Street in the World," "Old Court Life in Spain," by Frances M. Elliot, author of "Old Court Life in France," etc.; "My Beloved South," by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor; "Morals and Manners in the Old World and the New," by Guglielmo Ferrero; "Our Irish Theater," by Lady Gregory, and "The Conquest of Mt. McKinley," by Belmore Browne, being the story of three expeditions through the Alaskan wilderness to North America's highest and most accessible mountain.

Further particulars regarding "Al stair," the artistic work which the John Lane Company is to publish shortly, show that Alstair, "who prefers to be known without the usual prefix denoting either rank or nationality," has shown astonishing powers as a draughtsman and decorator, as demonstration at an exhibition of the works in the Dowdeswell Galleries, London. The volume will contain 36 facsimile reproductions in collotype and eight in color, and will have a cover and end-papers specially designed by Alstair. At the same time will appear a book on Charles Condor, the famous artist, by Frank Gibson.

William Heyliger, author of "Bartley, Freshman Pitcher," "Bucking the Line," "The Captain of the Nine," and other well-known stories for boys, has tried his hand this summer at amateur farming, with the result that he has been forced to lay all literary work aside for a few weeks owing to injuries sustained while working on his farm. Mr. Heyliger's Autumn book, "Strike Three," is finished and the manuscript in the hands of his publishers.

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Stocks & Bonds

Despite anticipations of midsummer dullness, the stock market has been comparatively good for oil securities this week. Several minor news developments helped to stimulate interest, especially in cheap issues. Industrials, mining and bank stocks have attracted little attention. What trading there is in bonds is off board, and they do not show even a semblance of activity on the exchange.

Union Oil's position reveals no particular change from last week, for up to time of writing the stock has continuously fluctuated between \$59 and \$60. There is good reason to believe that efforts are steadily made to strengthen the company financially, its position in that respect having, perhaps, been weaker than at first generally supposed. United Petroleum and Union Provident, Union Oil holding company issues, have been traded in more freely than usual, the price holding at \$73 for both.

Associated Oil has been a shade stronger the past few days, but is generally inactive. Amalgamated Oil has also advanced a little, probably owing to the second declaration of a monthly dividend of \$1.25 a share. This rate is 25 cents higher than paid previous to last month. West Coast Oil Company has declared a dividend of \$1.50 a share, payable August 15.

Among cheap stocks, National Pacific has held the greater portion of the interest. Strength has been evident, as a result of favorable field developments. California Midway weakened following rumors of probable assessments, and afterward reacted. It is likely that the five-point drop in the stock which occurred first was due to the expectation of a 5-cent share assessment, whereas late reports indicate that one of 2½ cents a share is likely to be levied. Certain adverse happenings have temporarily delayed the bringing in of one of the company's wells. United Oil is very weak. Maricopa Queen Oil Company has announced its third extra dividend of one half cent a share. A regular one of one half cent a share is to be paid at the same time. Midway Northern continues rather firm.

Offerings of Security Trust and Savings Bank have been at a little higher figure the latter part of the week. First National shows stronger tendencies.

Los Angeles Investment stock shows no change. Local Home Telephone stocks have been rather weak. Producers' Transportation is about steady.

Banks and Banking

Chicago bankers are inclined to look with favor upon the attitude of Secretary McAdoo indicated by his announcement of the readiness of the treasury department to deposit between \$25,000,000 and \$50,000,000 of the government's idle money with the banks of the West and South to expedite the movement of crops. George M. Reynolds, president of the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago, has commended the action highly, declaring that it is a most practical step, while James B. Forgan, president of the First National Bank of that city, regards the action as favorable. By taking commercial paper as security for such deposits McAdoo is of course establishing a new precedent, but the words of the act, "government

bonds and otherwise," seem broad enough to warrant his so doing. The precedent for accepting other bonds "such as are available for New England savings banks" was established by a previous administration, and it is not therefore much of a stretch to establish precedent to add to the list of acceptable securities prime commercial paper approved by clearing-house committees at 65 per cent of its face value. The distribution of so much money among the banks in the West and South at the present time should be most acceptable to the banks, and at the same time beneficial to the situation. The deposits being in legal reserve money will form a cash reserve basis for an extension of banking credit considerably in excess of the amount deposited. The limiting of the benefits of the deposits to such banks as have taken out at least 40 per cent of their authorized circulation is in the interest of the market for government bonds.

If Chairman Glass of the house banking and currency committee can have his way the proposed administration currency bill will be amended so as to provide for an advisory board of bankers to assist the proposed federal reserve board to control the new reserve banking system. Mr. Glass's idea is that this board should consist of one banker from each of the proposed twelve federal reserve banks. It is not the purpose of Mr. Glass to suggest that the bankers have any representation on the federal reserve board, but that they should serve wholly in an advisory capacity without being allowed to vote or have any control of action of the board. He said he hoped and believed his amendment would be adopted. Representative Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania, chairman of the house Democratic caucus, has issued a call for a caucus to be held August 11 for the consideration of the administration currency bill. Several of the house leaders, without allowing themselves to be quoted, expressed their belief that the caucus would stand behind the measure in all its essential points. There will be, however, a lively attempt by the so-called Democratic "insurgents" of the Glass committee to persuade the caucus to amend the bill so as to prohibit interlocking directorates and accord the same recognition to cotton, corn and wheat warehouse paper that the bill proposes to give to commercial paper as a basis for the issuance of the contemplated reserve notes.

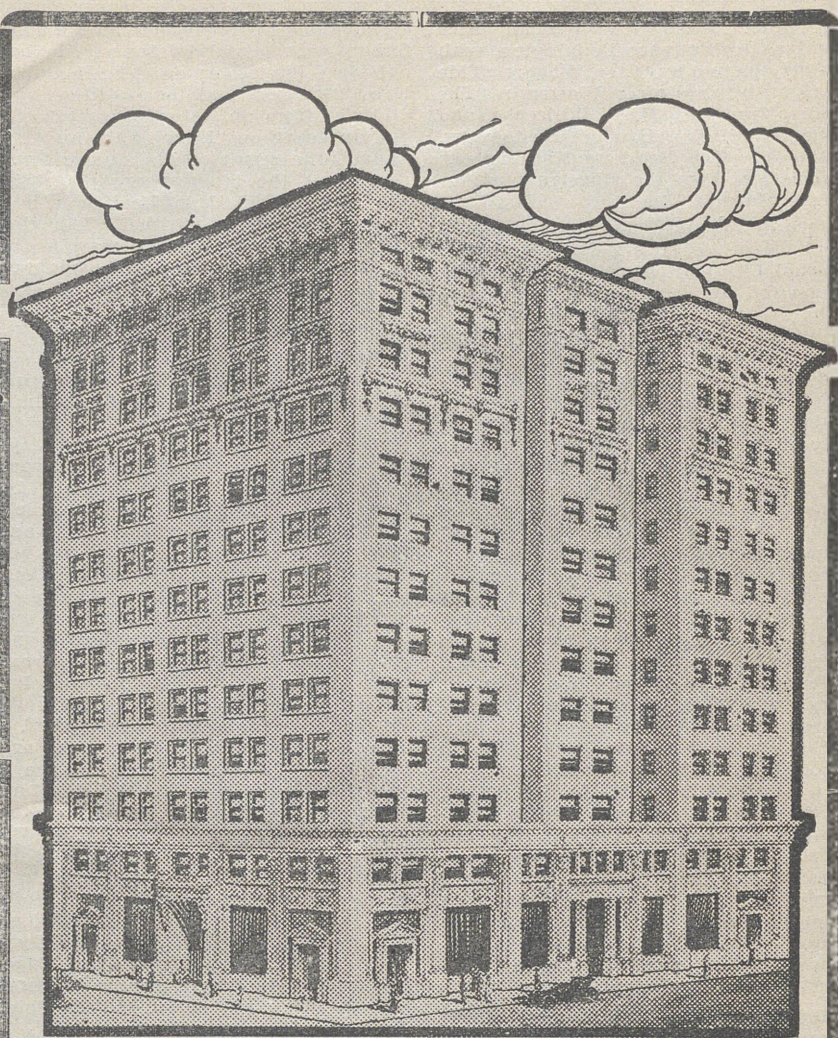
July bank clearings were the first of many months to show a decrease in comparison with the corresponding period of last year. However, the city's financial condition is healthy, the contraction being caused by summer dullness as well as by the unsettled markets of the last few months.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Rialto is anxious to hold a bond election for the purpose of issuing \$2,000,000 road bonds.

Long Beach will vote Sept. 2 on an issue of \$50,000 for the construction of a new pier.

Sealed bids will be received up to 2 p. m. August 25 by the board of supervisors of this city for the \$30,000 of the Pomona school district.



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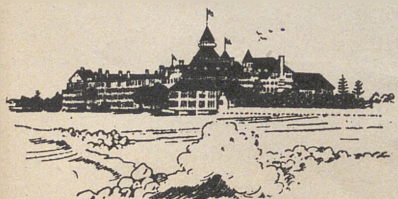
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